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The United States of Advertising, by Earnest Elmo Calkins, on page 373

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Good Talk

"Into Hell fare the goodly clerks"

PERHAPS it is an overdose of election, prohibition, and the stock market, but certainly our conversation seems to rattle like dry bones in a pot. There is no juice and meat in it. Not for the first time the mind turns back with reminiscent curiosity to the talk of Milton's great devils on their smoky seats, discoursing of

> Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate— . . .
> Of Happiness and final misery,
> Passion, and apathy, and glory and shame:

in a darkness visible not too dim to see the play of emotion upon faces scarred by action and by thought. They found no end "in wandering mazes lost," but that is the quality of good argument. Only the easy things settle themselves, and only the cock-sure and presumptuous spoil good conversation by certainties. It is more interesting to hear Abraham wheedling a supposedly omniscient Jehovah into sparing Sodom if ten honest men can be found there, than to listen to Jeremiah slaughtering the kings of the earth with words. And if two or three moderns would sit down to discuss predestination and free will with their minds on the job, there would be more hope for the Republic than could be drawn from the election speeches of either presidential candidate.

In this country we have agreed that so long as government functions reasonably well the less said and thought about it the better. That takes away one of the great uncertainties from conversation. The weather bureau has drained the sap from another. The stock market is not an uncertainty in a metaphysical sense. It goes up or it goes down, but not sideways or in circles or in mixed geometrical modes of four dimensions, like temperament or will or human nature. There can be debate over the stock market, but no real conversation, because there is no getting past the particular "Will I win, or lose" into universals, and good conversation must imply universals even if it never plunges in.

* * *

We stand away from religion as we hold off from politics. As long as God's in his Heaven and the churches are prospering, the less said the better. It is a sound instinct perhaps, designed to leave a man's mind free to attend to his own business and take care of his family. But instincts are as likely to be mistaken as reasons or principles. If politics, that is, everybody's business, can take care of itself, so much the more time for self. But leave religion, and with it philosophy, criticism, speculation, doubt, and confession, out of conversation and you have saved time, like the Chinese in the subway express, for what?

It can be seriously argued that the best part of American conversation is its nonsense, and the next best, gossip. We are dull when we are serious because when we talk earnestly we leave out everything that needs talking about. We go as far as the newspaper and no further. But just beyond lie all the good topics for talk. To recur to Milton—his imagined paradise is a perfect picture of contemporary America—the angels set all about the crystal sea, saying, How wonderful! praising heavenly prosperity, and planning extensions into unexploited regions of space. But where are the great devils down below who are asking what it is all coming to, and how, and why? They asked awkward questions, they protested, they were thrown out!

Perhaps it is the sense of safety that is ruining conversation. One of the few subjects on which it is still safe to differ vehemently is a book. It is still granted that taste is variable and must be taken seriously. If you like a book, you can defend it heatedly; if you dislike a book, you can bite and claw it without offense. No one would dare to talk

(*Continued on page 370*)

Fantasia of Winter

By GEORGE DILLON

IMPALPABLE python, go wrap the world in your rings,
Till the earth's ragged floor is pressed to a pane of glass
Imprisoning petals and cobwebs and grackles' wings
And the brown ghosts of grass.

Go—delicate, relentless, without sound,
Insatiate, swift—seize beauty as a bird is seized:
So let the promise be kept, the sick profound
Anticipation appeased.

For here in the hollow of my grief you have been harbored and fed,
Privily from the world in its season of butterflies.
Here, hollowed out with bitterness, I have given you bed,
Winter, serpent of ice!

Secret, intolerable, here you have lain the summer's length:
It is enough. Stir! Waken! Uncoil! Wind
Across the world your lithe translucent strength,
Terrible sleeper within the mind.

This Week

Mussolini's Autobiography.
Reviewed by the Rt. Rev. *Ernest M. Stires.*
"Old Buddha."
Reviewed by *Charles Batchelder.*
"The Set-Up."
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"Matthew Arnold."
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"A Man Can Build a House."
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Reviewed by *Richard Curle.*
"When I Grow Rich."
Reviewed by *Herschel Brickell.*
"Good-bye, Wisconsin."
Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*
"Trails of the Hunted."
Reviewed by *Martin Johnson.*
The Folder.
By Christopher Morley.
"A Lantern in Her Hand."
Reviewed by *Earl A. Aldrich.*

Next Week, or Later

Dictatorship and the Arts.
By *H. M. Kallen.*

A Magnificent Egotist

By the RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES

A CRISIS in the history of mankind rarely receives due consideration if it be bravely faced and the peril averted. Only when civilization has faltered in its climb, has failed for a time, has taken count of its losses and estimated the painful price of recovery, only then is it easy to recognize the danger for what it was, and to show how quickly a little honesty and courage might have won a great victory. Some day we shall have the truth concerning Russia, and we shall know how little was lacking to enable a vast nation to endure its hour of travail and to bring to birth a nobler philosophy instead of the monstrous denial of all that we know of God and man which still dances like a will-o'-the-wisp before the patient, puzzled peasants of that unhappy land.

* * *

Italy has had her full share of crises, and has met them far more gallantly than we recall. And her heroes have been more heroic, more permanently great than we remember. You may not fully agree with Marion Crawford's estimate of one of these but it is worth while to read it again.

> Julius Cæsar found the world of his day consisting of disordered elements of strength, all at strife with each other in a central turmoil, skirted and surrounded by the relative peace of an ancient and long undisturbed barbarism. It was out of these elements that he created what has become modern Europe, and the direction which he gave to the evolution of mankind has never wholly changed since his day. Of all great conquerors he was the least cruel, for he never sacrificed human life without the direct intention of benefiting mankind by an increased social stability. Of all great lawgivers, he was the most wise and just, and the truths he set down in the Julian Code are the foundations of modern justice. Of all great men who have leaped upon the world as upon an unbroken horse, who have guided it with relentless hands, and ridden it breathless to the goal of glory, Cæsar is the only one who turned the race into the track of civilization and, dying, left mankind a future in the memory of the past. He is the one great statesman of all, without whom it is impossible to imagine history. We cannot take him away and yet leave anything of what we have. The world could have been as it is without Alexander, without Charlemagne, without Napoleon; it could not have been the world we know without Caius Julius Cæsar.

Six years ago Italy trembled upon the brink of anarchy. If she had fallen Spain would have followed, and France, and who knows how much more of the Bolshevik dream of world revolution might have been realized. That these catastrophes did not happen is due solely to the clear vision, prompt courage, and invincible will of one man. Doubtless he has made mistakes; doubtless his Latin temperament revealed in gesture, word, and deed, will encourage scathing criticism from those of Anglo-Saxon lineage who find it difficult to forgive others for being different. But when the critics have completed the long list of "the things I don't like about Mussolini" let them leave him the credit of saving his country and averting a world disaster.

* * *

He has written the story of his life. It will be understood by two small groups: the little company of those who know the man, and the scarcely larger number of expert psychologists. Nearly all others will misunderstand and are likely to condemn in terms which will reveal more passion than patience, more effort at wit than wisdom. This autobiography is the most perfect piece of self-revelation I have

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By BENITO MUSSOLINI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $3.50.

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ever seen. Like him or not, agree with him or not, here he is, Mussolini the man, the patriot, the leader. His bitterest enemy will not accuse him of evasion or deception in this story of his life. What he thought and what he felt is as definitely recorded as his words and deeds. He has made not the slightest effort to protect himself from the charges of egotism, conceit, an autocratic manner and method, or other weaknesses to which his frank, unstudied statements will easily subject him.

In truth this man has placed himself so completely at the mercy of his readers, has so utterly scorned any artifice of self-defense, that one may well suggest that a fair minded reader will be the more disposed to give him reasonable protection and render just judgment upon his mind and heart, his will and work.

* * *

At the outset it is all important that one serious misconception should be corrected. The question is often asked, how is it possible for one man to impose his autocratic will upon a nation of more than forty millions? The answer is that it cannot be done. The explanation of Mussolini's power is not found in the too-easy suggestion quoted a moment ago, but entirely in the fact that the Italian people recognized in this man the embodiment of their hopes, their ideals, their aspirations, and discovered that for the first time in a very long period they had found a leader fully equipped with clear vision, rare wisdom, unflinching courage, powerful will, and an unselfish consecration to his country and people. From his first appearance upon the scene of action he has been followed with an almost religious fervor by ever increasing numbers. His strength rests alone upon the faith and devotion of the people of Italy. They are the best judges, they who have experienced the misrule of seventy cabinets in a little over fifty years; they who have given him the power to bring law and order out of chaos, to lift Italy to the level of a self-respecting nation paying debts and keeping faith, to protect both labor and capital in their industrial partnership, and to build in six years more schools, more roads, more institutions for the

I talked with the man about his hopes, his plans, his progress. I believe in his essential honesty and wisdom, that he knows what is right and best for his people, and believing in him I hope that his story of his life and work will be read with patient understanding.

This is my apology for offering not so much a review of Mussolini's autobiography, as an introduction to its reasonable reading and understanding. Much will depend upon the glasses through which you see him. Let yours be neither dark with pessimism, nor rosy with the illusions of visionaries, but clear with the whiteness of truth. See him as his people see him, and you will deal fairly with him and with his book.

* * *

On opening the book you are attracted to a foreword by Richard Washburn Child, our former Ambassador to Italy, who was in Rome during most of the impressive events recorded. For obvious reasons his conclusions should have weight. But you hasten on to listen to the story which literally rushes from the lips of one of the most magnetic personalities who has ever appeared upon the stage of history. You are fascinated not only with the record, but with that which inevitably is read between the lines but for which he has no time. You are drawn to him by his deep love and respect for his parents. Of his mother he says: "She might be alive now. She might have lived and enjoyed, with the power of her maternal instinct, my political success. It was not to be. But to me it is a comfort to feel that she, even now, can see me and help me in my labors with her unequaled love."

Of his father, who had been a socialist, he writes: "At the end he understood at last that the old eternal traditional forces such as capital could not be permanently overthrown by a political revolution. He turned his attention at the end toward bettering the souls of individuals. He wanted to make mankind true of heart and sensitive to fraternity. Many were the speeches and articles about him after his death; three thousand of the men and women he had known followed his body to the grave."

In discussing the influences which had contributed to his development he minimizes that of books. He declares that he has used only one big book, that he has had only one great teacher, and that is life. He asserts, "The reality of experience is far more eloquent than all the theories and philosophies on all the tongues and on all the shelves. . . ." "My political evolution has been the product of a constant expansion, of a flow from springs always nearer to the realities of living life and always further away from the rigid structures of sociological theorists."

And a little later, in this same chapter, he makes acknowledgment to us:

> The American people, by their sure and active creative lines of life, have touched my sensibility. For I am a man of government and party. I endlessly admire those who make out of creative work a law of life, those who win with the ability of their genius and not with the intrigue of their eloquence. I am for those who seek to make technic perfect in order to dominate the elements and give to men more sure footings for the future.

In a chapter headed "War and Its Effect Upon a Man," you enter the sacred places of a man's heart and soul. You are swept forward with him in the dramatic but reasonable development which took place in him, you struggle and suffer and triumph with him. It would be a mistake to quote from that chapter. You must see the picture in its completeness.

* * *

In fact a similar wise attitude may be taken toward the chapters which follow immediately. "Ashes and Embers" describes the post-war conditions. "The Death Struggle of a Worn-Out Democracy" reveals the depths to which timid and anæmic government had descended. In "The Garden of Fascism" you see the genesis of a new patriotism, and "Toward Conquest of Power" reveals its development in plan and purpose. But it is in the chapter, "Thus We Took Rome," that the story reaches its dramatic climax.

More than a hundred pages of the book yet remain. They describe the first five years of the government which Mussolini established and you discover that he is to-day altogether consistent with the character and purpose with which he began his marvelous experiment. Upon this point let us listen to

out regret all the superfluous comforts of life. I made an exception only of sports which, while making my body alert and ready, succeed in creating healthy and happy intervals in my complex life of work. In these six years—with the exception of official dinners—I have never passed the threshold of an aristocrat's salon, or of a café. I have also almost entirely abandoned the theatre, which once took away from me useful hours of evening work.

He has reprinted quite properly some of his significant addresses to the Italian Parliament. It is good to read the very words and not what, at a distance of three thousand miles or more, a press frequently unintelligent and sometimes hostile reported him to have said.

* * *

Near the end there is a chapter entitled "New Paths" which suggests the inevitable roads on which Italy must journey to attain reasonable progress and happiness. This is followed by a description of the Fascist state and the future which has been planned. In the midst of this I observe a sentence which reveals something which I am confident is close to the heart of this man: "I want to give to every man and woman so generous an opportunity that work will not be a painful necessity but a joy of life." Later, in describing the Fascist state, he observes: "In this new conception, which has found its logical expression in our representative forms, the citizen is valuable because of his productivity, his work, and his thought, and not merely because he is twenty-one years old and has the right to vote!"

Still later he declares:

> In this, my Autobiography, I have emphasized more than once the fact that I have always tried to weave an organic and coherent character into all the fabric of my political work. I have not confined myself to giving merely an outward veneer or contour to Italian life; I wished to influence the very depths of its spirit.

The pages which follow are filled with definite records which are convincing proofs of his amazing success in influencing the very depths of the spirit of Italy. Some of the practical results are suggested in this single paragraph: "All the offices of governmental character have received a new impulse and new prestige. The great public utilities of the state, railroads, mails, telegraph, telephone, function again. Certain persons are even sarcastic about the new regularity. And this is easily explained: we should not forget that the Italian people has been for many years rebellious against any discipline; it was accustomed to use its easy-to-hand and clamorous complaints against the work and activity of the government. Some vestiges of the mental attitudes of bygone days still come to the surface. There is even whining because there is efficiency and order in the world."

* * *

The frankness which is apparent on every page is not diminished when he touches the sensitive problems of church and state. You will lift your brows at his occasional disappointment and impatience with the Vatican, but you will respect his confession of himself as a loyal Catholic and a devout believer in God. There is, however, in all of this no suggestion of the subjection of the state to the church. He insists, "Faith in Italy has been strengthened. Fascism gives impulse and vigor to the religion of the country. But it will never be able for any reason to renounce the sovereign rights of the state and of the functions of the state."

The closing chapter of three pages has the engaging title, "En Route." "It is," he tells us, "absurd to believe that one can conclude a life of battles at the age of forty-five." He believes that "Fascism, being a creation of the Italian race, has met and will meet historical necessities, and so, unconquerable, is destined to make an indelible impression on the twentieth century of history."

This comment upon the man, his work, and his book is unfair only in its inadequacy. For the man has earned an honorable and permanent place in history; his work has protected the foundations of civilization; and his book is the most candid revelation of human thought and purpose which we have ever seen.

* * *

Three visits to Italy during the last five years, three talks with the man, conferences with two American ambassadors who were eye-witnesses of the great events we have considered, do not necessarily qualify one to speak with authority, not even to these advantages one has added many other ws with competent witnesses, and some meas- patient study and research.

But my judgment is one with an enthusiastic four-fifths of the Italian people, one with that of our ambassadors to Italy, one with that of a great company of American travellers, diplomats, and men of affairs, who having known the old Italy and the new, having observed the weakness, corruption and poverty of former times look with joy at the strength, dignity, honesty, industry, and happiness of these days, and hold in gratitude and respect the man who was ready when destiny called.

Manchu Court Life

OLD BUDDHA. By Princess Der Ling. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by Charles Batchelder

THIS fascinating romance by the daughter of a Chinese Minister to France, former lady-in waiting to the Great Dowager Empress of China, presents in striking colors various episodes in the life of this most remarkable of the Manchu rulers. Though somewhat unconventional in style, a vivid picture is given of the hidden court life of the times, and of the reactions produced upon the eunuchs and women by the historical events which preceded the overthrow of the dynasty.

In order to add to the interest of the novel, rumors are treated as facts, especially those which cannot be disproved, like the love of the Empress for Jung Lu and her responsibility for the deaths of the Emperor Kwang Hsu and others. The description of the attacks of the "Boxers" on the European Legations in Pekin does not even hint at the reason for their failure and for the survival of their inmates, due to the opposition of many eminent Chinese to the policy of encouragement of this movement. The reader must not allow himself to consider all statements as historical, though very many of them are accurate.

The book can be recommended to those who desire to know something about the last few decades in China, but who do not care to apply themselves to solid histories and interpretative works. Mrs. White, the author, was present at many of the scenes which she describes and her style is so attractive that it is difficult to lay down the volume unfinished.

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"K. O."

THE SET-UP. By JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH. New York: Covici, Friede. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE American language has finally adopted "K. O." as a hall-mark of unqualified approval. In the argot of the prize-ring where it originated the initials tersely announce "Knock-out," finis, the last word, the final judgment from which there is no appeal. Use in the general vernacular has broadened it so that the abbreviation carries particular agreement, a twisted and emphatic form of "O. K." Mr. March's new verse is both. The verdict in the original sense is especially appropriate, for this is a condensed saga of the squared (and vicious) circle, a transcript of the dregs of pugilism as vivid and final as any of George Bellows's lithographs. Like "The Wild Party" (which, unfortunately, is not available to the public) it is brisk, dramatic, brutal, exciting, and vulgar in the cleanest possible way. Unlike its predecessor, "The Set-Up" shows the author more detached, less inclined to drop into sentimental interludes and asides; a narrator, *pur sang*, in complete control of his material.

The story is simple enough. Part One, the prologue, shows us Pansy Jones in his prime, black, "a jungle jinx with eyes like a lynx," battered, a Jack Johnson-like contender for the title. Then, sudden disaster: "a final hope-blaster."

> The brass-knuckled hand of the law
> Hung a hot one on Pansy's jaw.
> Dissection of his private life
> Revealed he had an extra wife
> And three scrawny brats
> Living like rats.
> "Not guilty," Pansy pled.
> "Guilty," the jury said.
>
> Elections were coming.
> The judge was firm.
> Pansy went up for a five-year term.

The rest of the story rushes on ten years later. Pansy Jones is now a has-been; he is slower, heavier, a mere plugger akin to Hemingsway's aging bull-fighter. His managers ("Cohn and MacPhail, the perfect gyps. Conscience? So has a snake got hips!") arrange to have him lay down to a possible champion. Instead of splitting with their victim, they figure that Pansy will be knocked out within two rounds and so say nothing of the set-up. Pansy, stolid and simple, is almost finished, stages a comeback, and dashes the hopes of Sailor Gray by dropping him with a lucky punch. The crowd goes wild. So do Sailor Gray's backers who, thinking the fight was "fixed," plunged heavily. They wait for Pansy, pursue him, track him down. There is a nightmare-movie chase. Pansy dives down the Subway stairs, the gang races after, there is a scuffle, Pansy spins, loses his balance, topples over the edge of the platform, the train strikes him.

The story, it will be seen, is of the crudest. But no recital of it can give any indication of the narrator's quality or, to be more accurate, his qualities. There is, first of all, the obvious exactness of detail and indubitable veracity of background. Mr. March's minute observation omits nothing that concerns—or offends—the eye, the ear, the nose. The scene in the dressing room of the Star Arena while the bouts are in progress is a masterpiece of counterpoint and contrast. The pounding feet of the spectators outside, the fever-heat of rising blood-lust ("They wanted action, they wanted gore: What had they paid good money for!") is pitted against the cool unconcern of the handlers, to whom heart-break and horror are so much tiresome "shop." The fight, which is the climax, is a series of tensions, almost too dramatic for print. The short rounds stretch themselves with the same terrific intensity of a feature bout; the words land with the impact of triphammer lefts and rights.

But Mr. March's manner is as individual as his matter. His style is, at first hearing, related to the rhythmic chants that sprang from "The Congo." But his idiom is more than a composite; "The Set-Up" has something of Masefield in terms of Lindsay tuned to Harlem. But this syncopation is a new thing in verse; the line is shorter, the rhythm brusque and clipped; the attack is almost unremittingly staccato. The mechanics are no less admirable. Mention has been made of the moving pictures, and analysis discloses the influence of the captionless cinema in which there is no comment but only a projection of actor and action. That Mr. March's metric, like his *métier*, is his own may be seen from such cinematographic flashes as this angle of Herman's bar:

> Photos
> Clipped from Sunday Rotos.
> Boxing bouts.
> Steeplechases.
> Speed snaps from bike races . . .
> Higher things were not forgotten.
> Under a faded flag of cotton,
> Woodrow Wilson's narrow face
> Stared three-quarters into space.
> Cold, austere:
> A face above beer

or this jumble of talk in the prize-fighters' dressing-room:

> ". . . . Awright, Munsey.
> Dat's awright, kid . . ."
> ". . . . Sure, he licked 'im."

A POET, FROM COOK'S "FREMONT."

From "Queer Books," by Edmund Pearson (Doubleday, Doran.)

> "Duh hell he did! . . ."
> ". . . . Say where duh hell
> Is my hat gone to . . .!"
> ". . . . So he feints wid his left,
> An' den he breaks through . . ."
> ". . . .A-ah, yuh're nuts. Dat fight was sold. . ."
> ". . . . If you hadn't of mixed,
> You'd of had 'im cold! . ."
> ". . . . What'll yuh bet?"
> ". . . . I *know*—
> Dat's all . . . !"
> The voices grew jumbled.
> It was cold in the hall.

There is nothing uncertain in this speech. Mr. March's only inconsistency is in accent; his gutterals are arbitrary; he writes "you" "yo' " and "yuh" on successive pages. He is even more indefinite about the definite article. On page 40 we find "d'hell," on 41 "t'hell," on 62 "the hell," on 63 "th'hell," and on the bottom of the same page it becomes "duh!"

But it is neither his language nor its speed that makes Mr. March a writer of proportion. It is, first and last, his power of propulsion. Without making a bid for the reader's sympathies, this young author enlists them; Pansy, for example, is unheroic, unromantic, altogether unlovely and yet lovable. Beneath the hard-boiled, twisted exterior, the toughness has the grace of the battling-machine it describes. One wonders what Mr. March could do with the machine itself or the huge business of war on which it is rumored he is engaged. Here, at least, the voice of the streets, raucous, high-pitched, incisive, has found utterance. And who, denying it beauty, will deny it eloquence?

The birth of Baron Münchausen is to be commemorated by the erection of a monument at Bodenwerder, on the Weser. It will stand in the garden where the Baron used to entertain his friends with his fantastic stories.

Jules De Gaultier

BOVARYSM: The Art-Philosophy of Jules De Gaultier. By WILMOT E. ELLIS. Seattle, Wash: University of Washington. 1928.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

JULES DE GAULTIER, although seventy, like the three great thinkers from whom he stems, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, comes slowly into his own. He is already an immortal among the unofficial intellectuals of his own country, France, and in spots on the Continent. Havelock Ellis has been the one voice in England to greet him. James Huneker was tremendously influenced by him, although he never devoted an article to him. Mr. Ellis has long been a student of the great French thinker, who was one of the few intimate friends of Remy de Gourmont and the high philosophic light in that great constellation of independent spirits that founded and contributed to the *Mercure de France*. Next fall Harcourt, Brace will bring out an anthology of De Gaultier's work compiled from his nearly twenty volumes by Professor Houston Peterson. So the philosopher and inventor of the word bovarysm, which has already passed into the French language as a common noun, will, with the chapbook by Mr. Ellis and my own two essays on him in "Forty Immortals," be launched on his English-reading career.

The core-thought of bovarysm (a word coined from Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," the female Don Quixote of romantic love whose inherent and fatal will-to-illusion De Gaultier has universalized) is founded on the power with which every human being is dowered of being compelled to conceive himself as he is not (*se concevoir autre qu'il n'est*). From this law—the perpetually comic and tragic attempt to attain the truth and reality by walking into mirrors—flows the great paradox that the universe is an evolving lie, or illusion (the doctrine of Buddha and Schopenhauer and the meaning of the **symbol of Maya), that ultimate Truth** and Reality can only repose in the Absolute, which corresponds to Nothing. So long as consciousness is halved into subjective and objective man will be duped by appearances and, as Cabell (who has much in common with De Gaultier) says, compelled forever "to play the ape to his ideals." A lie, an illusion, whether it is physical appetite or a sublime ideal, is the *cause* of all movement whatever in the universe. Instinct and knowledge follow the bale of hay of the imagination.

All, then, is vanity? No, says De Gaultier; and it is just at this point that he parts company with Buddha, the Preacher, and Schopenhauer and throws in his forces with the Greek ideals of life and its two great modern re-announcers, Goethe and Nietzsche. God and Purpose may be a myth, but only weaklings cry for either. Life is the Great Adventure. Existence is a great tragi-comedy, and the Supreme Artist is Chance and Change. The highest man—De Gaultier himself, "artist-philosopher"—is both actor and spectator. Life is an eternally beautiful spectacle, the more tragic the more beautiful. Io! Evöhé! shouts De Gaultier, with Dionysus, Spinoza, Emerson, and Nietzsche as he weeps and laughs, dies and is born again in the recombination of souls and the war of wills and suns.

The esthetic principle in De Gaultier thus triumphs over the ethical judgments of humanity. He is not messianic, like Nietzsche, for he preaches no Superman to come. The Superman is here, has always been here. It is he who says Yea! to Beauty and Power and creates another gorgeous dynamic lie. De Gaultier is satanic only in the sense that Life itself is. He humorously says that in Paris even atheists make the sign of the cross before him. But so do all men before a new and daring thinker (and atheists are so orthodox and dogmatic!). De Gaultier's God is Beauty and Power, Chance and Change. The Apollonian—Dionysian artist-actor needs no other.

Jules De Gaultier is not only the greatest and most daring of living thinkers, of esthetic-aristocratic breed, but he is one of the greatest, clearest, most compact, and lyrical of prose writers. Of French ancestry on both sides for hundreds of years, he embodies the great French traditions of clarity and profoundity, literary skill, tolerance, and gusto. Whether he is writing on bovarysm, manners, the intellect, "the mystical life of Nature," metaphysics, illusion, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Kant, Verlaine, or Baudelaire (all ideas and men in his brain circle

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around the one seed-thought of his philosophy) he writes for those who love the romance of ideas with the dramatic power of a man telling a tragi-comic fairy-tale, as, indeed, the universe is.

In this chapbook Mr. Ellis has done a fine piece of work in condensing not only the philosophy of Jules De Gaultier, but of commenting on the evolution of the man's thought and expounding his relations with other thinkers of the time. De Gaultier has himself written for this book a fascinating account of his life, his philosophical and literary influences, and what he has done. It breathes the restraint, the modesty, and the human simplicity of this brave and mighty soul who has sacrificed all of this world's riches to put his great spiritual saga on paper. His name will some day rank with Spinoza, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. He is the Prospero of thinkers.

Alas, Poor Yorick!

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By HUGH KINGSMILL. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by HOWARD F. LOWRY

WITH some disappointment one discovers that this book is not a biography at all. It is a series of "essays" and epigrams to prove how sorry a person Matthew Arnold was. Repelled by uncertain taste and pages of glitter without warmth, a reviewer may prefer to keep silent; but he has no choice when "emancipated" writers play with distinguished names.

For all his abandon, Mr. Kingsmill seems sincere. He pretends to no new material, except some first fruits of a research through *Punch*. Even gleefully he distrusts his own memory when certain books are no longer "by him." He knows nothing more about his subject than does the general reader of Arnold's collected works; nor, indeed, as much, since he could never bear to gaze on "Balder Dead." What the author does claim, however, is a startling thesis. He charges his poor Victorian specimen, not with a scandal, but with the want of one!

Solely upon the basis of the poems, where any fancy may roam, we learn that "Marguerite" was possibly a French governess of somewhat Gallic past, whom Matt's inherited Puritanism could never take in the grand manner. Stupified by inhibitions and regret over lost Aprils, he degenerated into a bad poet, an uncertain critic, and a joyless prophet to mankind. Bluntly stated, Arnold's tragedy was a thralldom to the moral law. Repeatedly recur both the logic and the temper of the book:

> Had he made on her [George Sand this time] the effect of a Byron or a Bulwer, the mighty woman who had ravished so many weeping men of genius would have added Matt to the list of her victims, to the enrichment by ecstasy and remorse, rage and despair, of all his future work. . . . . This purging and renewing experience was denied to Matt, and we must make the best of him as he is without wasting regrets on what he might have become.

Unfortunately this splendid stoicism fails. Mr. Kingsmill does not make "the best" of what remains. To sustain his thesis, he must belittle Arnold's prose, heightening long-recognized flaws beyond all reasonable perspective. Moreover, he must cut and arrange from the letters a mosaic of an awkward, embarrassed Arnold, not that "most genial and amiable of men," whom even the unhappy Mr. Sala honored and admired. To test the lack of authority in this new study one has only to reread the letters as they stand. Poor Matt has failed his biographer emotionally; and Mr. Kingsmill sorts him through much in the manner of a discarded lady seeking dire bits within a *billet doux*.

In short, a reviewer's only task is to protest a "microfier's" refusal to treat a fine intelligence and a disciplined spirit as such. Most men do not find felicity in their youthful Marguerites, and few would deprive Arnold of some romantic disillusionments. At the same time, his true critics have rightly fixed his primary "storm and stress" as intellectual and religious, the price of *un rare esprit d'ordre et de méthode* seeking in a confused time some center of belief. The tone of "Empedocles," of "Dover Beach," of "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" does not arise from pale regret over the unplied tangles of Neæra's hair. To tell the truth about his turn from poetry is easy enough. It is to recall in Arnold's earliest verse the critical, and to that degree, prosaic bent, heightened by the classics, stimulated by a lectureship at Oxford, and offered expression in six new national reviews; to remember his own pleasure in the larger audience prose gained him and in the whole new turn given to his thinking by his French tour of 1859. Above all, it is to acknowledge that, from 1851 until his death, he labored as Inspector of Schools, at work foreign to poetry, at toil so wearying that the wonder is he did anything else at all.

But telling truth is drab business, and Mr. Kingsmill interprets even the Preface of 1853 as an impoverished soul's refuge in the classics! He forgets, of course, in his contempt for "Sohrab and Rustum," that, some ten years before, Arnold had begun a long and never completed drama on Lucretius, thereby escaping to antiquity from emotions withered before Marguerite had even put them into bloom.

The documents that best reveal Matthew Arnold are still unpublished. Mr. Kingsmill has not seen, for example, the diary of 1851, revealing the poet's deep love for Frances Lucy Wightman, though, to be sure, the devotion of a husband is not pleasing to biographers. Nor has he seen the note-books covering the years of Arnold's "decline." Only a fragment of these is in print. Until the whole is made known, men will never understand how great a man this poor prophet really was; how deep his roots were, how whole was his experience, how complete and rounded his religion; how all his desire for culture to relieve anarchy came, not as a presumptuous thing, but as the overflow of a renewing discipline he gave himself. More important still, these books show the folly of lamenting that Matthew did this thing instead of that. They suggest he will be necessary to us, not because he was either a poet or a prophet, but because he rebukes the mediocre and the trivial; because, above all those about him, he had a passion for excellence so rare as to be a holy thing.

Meanwhile, if Mr. Kingsmill's readers do not like his tone, they should hold their peace. He has his graces and restraints. Nowhere does he make the boat girl of "Thyrsis" responsible for "Essays in Criticism"; nor does he spoil "The Buried Life," a love poem as profound in its own way as the madrigals of those "enriched by ecstasy and remorse, by rage and despair." Finally, one may remember Arnold's own good temper, his delight in a hit at his expense, the fun he might now derive from the discovery that biographers, as well as poets, can give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Even before the crude and the perverse he had a habit of recalling Homer's old assurance that "the destinies have appointed enduring hearts unto the children of men."

This book has no index, but Mr. Kingsmill does predict over eight pages what vast fault his reviewers will find with him. He too, like Matthew Arnold, is a prophet.

Riddles of Language

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LANGUAGE. By WALTER B. PILLSBURY and CLARENCE L. MEADER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by E. M. EAST
Harvard University

IN the early evolution of mankind, isolation was a factor of supreme importance. Natural selection, at work among groups of the human family separated by geographical barriers, built up the primary races. During historical times, the tendency has been to unite these long-separated offshoots by hybridization. The story of civilization has been the same. The dispersion of peoples was followed by the development of distinct cultures. To-day, even apart from the transfusion of customs by migration, the inventive geniuses who have harnessed wave motion have made it possible for each clan to know how the other clans live and to borrow any fashion worth borrowing. In a word, there is a general trend toward a fusion of interests. It makes one feel almost as if a general law of nature were at work. Perhaps no department of human affairs exhibits this trend in a more pronounced fashion than science. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, science tended to divide into compartments, each with its own language and method. Presumably, this was the best mode of proceeding until a semblance of order was set up in the various cubicles. But now the style is to cut doors into every apartment and to make more use of coöperative housekeeping. Institutions of higher learning set up laboratories of engineering chemistry and bio-physics. Individuals with apparently diverse specialties find a problem of common interest upon which to collaborate.

In the present instance, a psychologist and a student of linguistics have matched efforts to show how the mind functions in the communication of ideas. Obviously, thought and its communication form the central pillar of the edifice built by psychologists; but, strangely enough, research has been confined largely to the anatomy of the speech organs and to the connection of particular ideas with specific sounds. Pillsbury and Meader have succeeded in making a real contribution to the solution of those riddles of language which have deeper meanings.

Their book is a compendium of information. Varied matters are treated, including the anatomy and physiology of the speech organs, the mental and motor processes involved in talking, the origin and diversification of languages, and the development of sound changes and syntax. But it is not the collection and tabulation of facts which marks the volume a work of scholarship,—it is the penetrating analysis of the facts.

The main thesis of the book is quite simple. We were not created primarily for talking machines. Had this been the case, the mechanism now employed in the radio loud-speaker undoubtedly would have been better and less complicated. Unfortunately, we are mammals, of the order Primates, of the family Hominidæ. That certain organs can be utilized in the production of conversation is a mere accident. The nose, the mouth, the pharynx, the larynx, the lungs, were formed for breathing and eating. The accessory organs are commonly involved in the separation of these two physiological functions, since the parts concerned had become somewhat mixed during the course of evolution, and it was necessary to prevent balls of food from going down the wrong way! Thus, our complement of engine-like valves! The result was that the primitive Homo could make various explosive and frictional notes while engaged in the process of grubbing out a living. Gradually, therefore, he became accustomed to making one sort of explosive sound when he was pleased and another when he was angry. And since he had enough mentality to classify these sounds and to develop and vary their production, he became the world's first talking animal. "Contrary to the current view," the authors maintain, "the complex movements of human speech are modifications and extensions of such primitive movements of the vegetative organs and should be studied as such." They even go so far as to conclude that all higher mental processes have had similar humble beginnings in which the endocrine glands have played a dominant part.

The reviewer searched in vain for a discussion of the rôle of the mating call in the development of speech. Since mating calls are common in widely separated groups of animals, including the invertebrates, this would seem to be a serious omission; but probably nothing can be said other than to call attention to this one fact.

The work should be submitted to the Fundamentalists to see whether the study of language, since language is an exemplification of evolution, ought not to be withdrawn from the public schools.

"Many authors," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "have grown tired of their own earlier creations but none, it would appear, more thoroughly than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He will write no more about Sherlock Holmes, so he has been telling an interviewer; but, worse than that, he is prepared to snuff the whole race of detectives out of existence. In the future, it appears, we shall have a clairvoyant in attendance at every police station and, to the confusion of the criminal, the story of the crime will be reconstructed by methods of psychical research. It seems almost an unfair advantage; even the criminal deserves some sort of run for his money, and might well complain at being detected by a gentleman in a dream and an armchair."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Vanity Fair of Today

A MAN CAN BUILD A HOUSE. By NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IN our metropolitan world none of us knows any one well enough to give a description of him or her such as Thackeray or Dickens gave—a description in which the externals of a man or a woman are made notable—by which we know the man or the woman through externals—their dress or their manner of speech. And so the novelists of our metropolitan world do not describe their people; they reveal them through the flow of their consciousness. This has led to the making of a new kind of pattern in fiction. Of the users of this modern metropolitan form—its few users—I count Nathalie Sedgwick Colby as amongst the best.

She has, working through "Green Forest" and "Black Stream," become more adept in the use of her particular pattern. In "A Man Can Build a House" she has been able to use the pattern in such a way as to give an extraordinarily clear and vivid exposition of the lives of the half dozen people with whom her story is concerned. She frays the pattern, I think, towards the end. There is a trace of hurried workmanship, and the events which lead up to the catastrophe have not, to my mind, been sufficiently rationalized. The rest of the story is beautifully clear. And in reading "A Man Can Build a House" we feel that we are reading a book which has a real issue in it.

* * *

Nathalie Sedgwick Colby has it in her to be the satirist of our time. She does not tilt at dull opinions nor the ordinary ineptitudes of living. She goes beyond all that. She is terribly aware of the possessiveness that is devouring our modern life—the possessiveness that shows itself in the desire for grander appendages of living, for social recognition, and in snobberies and insensitiveness of every sort. Finkelstein, the manager of P. T. Kaufman's stores, sees how the world of our day is going, and he approves of its way. "Style's the thing that gets them. Get style across and you don't have to worry. . . ." Behind his flat nose and thick lips Finkelstein knew his public.

Advertise! Advertise! Get your public and quality will take care of itself. With a picture of a woman kneading dough, who cares about the flour? Does she want warmth in a coat, I ask you? No, she wants a style to make the other women mad as hell. That's where they stand today.

This possessiveness, this desire for the grander appendages of living, is the accompaniment of the commercialization of our times. How this possessiveness can ruin a group of people, can ruin all except the elemental people who have some root in earth outside the metropolis is the theme of "A Man Can Build a House." The story is not completely satirical. Side by side with her satirical account of society at two different levels Nathalie Sedgwick Colby runs a romantic story of a man building a house on the Palisades.

Ruby, P. T. Kaufman's manniquin-souled wife, is the possessive creature of the story. It is not that she wants anything in particular, it is that she wants everything and she is always wanting. It is as if a world whose aim was never-ceasing production had produced Rubys to be always consuming and wasting. And, as in "Green Forest," Mrs. Colby sets a creative force over against this destructive force. In that book the creative force was represented by the doctor with his passion for unprofitable research. In "A Man Could Build a House" the maternal Maria and the house-building, crop-raising Carl are set over against Ruby and the system that Finkelstein stands for. As Kaufman's house and the hopes that he had for a son are destroyed, the other house, the house that is to belong to the servant-girl Maria and her husband Carl goes up, and the cradle has been made for the child who is to be born to them.

* * *

Above the level socially of Peter Kaufman and his wife, Ruby, and their associates, Eisinstein, Cora McNamara, and Maudie, there are Mrs. Pendleton and Joan, her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Challoner, Lyttleton Brown and Laurence Meecham—all people that the Social Register knows of. Joan, Lyttleton Brown, and Laurence Meecham—"Laurie"—have leading parts in the story. Lyttleton Brown represents the world which has enough possessions, enough of the appendages of living. He has the endowments and the intolerances with the powerlessness to contribute anything to mankind that is approved of in the best schools and the best clubs. But Laurie is one who might have given something to mankind. He is a painter, and one summer when he loved Joan and knew that Joan loved him he had painted a few pictures that might have put him so far above Lyttleton Brown and his world that he and Joan have thought of that successful young man as "the infant Hercules." But Laurie loses his belief in himself in the war; he lets somebody else go into a danger he should have gone into, and Lyttleton Brown triumphed over him. "Lyttleton stood looking at me . . . that boy's blood staining the stretcher. . . ." Laurie can do nothing but skulk when he gets back, and Joan engages herself to Lyttleton Brown.

A possessing society ruins the weak-willed, caddish but creative Laurie. He must shout out Lyttleton Brown's triumphant figure, and so he drinks and has his easy affairs with women. Ruby Kaufman draws Laurie into an affair with her. But in the end Laurie snatches Joan from Lyttleton Brown: he is in the mud then, and we are left with the impression that he will bring her down to his own unsuccess. Meanwhile, Peter Kaufman's house and hopes have gone to pieces. But Carl's house has been built up.

Most peaceful it was for Carl to sit smoking of an evening outside a complete house where the springs and mattress were on the bed, the stove unboxed, waiting for Maria, who any day might come along. All outside completely hidden by leaves. Spreading out low in the trees, basted through by the brook, fluttering high up on their surface, they made a hanging of silence around the place, enclosing the soil, too, that lay outside the kitchen porch, rich and somber, combed out in furrows ready for the seed, furrows that stretched everywhere across the sea (another furrow) back through Carl's life, summer after summer of them stretching evenly, except for the War, scarred land filled up over dead men and ruined houses, hard to grow over. Any farmer could have told the powers high up that the whole thing was foolish waste.

"A Man Can Build a House" gives us brilliantly the specimen-types of a great metropolis. With the exception of the country-people, Carl and Maria, they are all living under a pressure that comes from no essential, but that seems to be just a mood of the herd. When we read it we know that we have got some account of the Vanity Fair of our day—a much cheaper, a much more soul-destroying Vanity Fair than that of the day before yesterday.

A New Vision of a Woman

LILY CHRISTINE. By MICHAEL ARLEN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

WITH an intimacy of personal detail which is somewhat embarrassing we are informed by the publishers (on the inside flap of the dust-wrapper) that Mr. Arlen has created "this new vision of a woman" from out of a "deepened experience of grave illness and fine recovery." But we need not have been given this information to discover for ourselves that "Lily Christine" is less flippant in its tone than the novel that preceded it. Mr. Arlen always did possess great dramatic gifts and a real sense for the tragic situation, but his "knowingness" and verbal tricks put many people off and clouded their judgment as to his remarkable powers.

It would be idle to argue that in his latest novel he has altogether conquered his own irritating idiosyncrasies—his "smartness" is constantly peeping out—but it can truly be said that "Lily Christine" is the most dignified novel that he has yet written. Whether it will have the success of "The Green Hat" or "Young Men in Love" remains to be seen, but it will certainly result in Mr. Arlen being taken more seriously. The more he restrains his cleverness, the more does he reveal his ability.

Lily Christine herself is a finely imagined figure. She is, of course, "Arlenesque," as all his figures invariably are, but nevertheless she moves one by her reality in the midst of that rather fantastic world of his creation. She is as modern as she can be, but she has a kind of fundamental simplicity of character, a kind of inherent nobility, that lift her out of that already ageing society in which Mr. Arlen seems to delight.

The tragedy of her life is to be too faithful, and as she happens to be married to a man who is completely weak inevitable disaster overtakes her. Inevitable—yes; but all the same one feels that the particular disaster that does overtake her is stretching credulity too far. Summerest is unstable and eventually worthless, but one can scarcely believe that he would be such an intolerable cad as to accuse his wife of an infidelity which he knows she did not commit. More especially, as he still cares for her deeply—or, at least, for her opinion of him—in his own vague way.

Indeed, with the threat of divorce proceedings an air of unreality creeps into the book. It is not only that the threat itself is inconceivable, but that everybody begins to behave with such utter futility. One would have supposed that a brief intimation to Summerest that his own many infidelities would be investigated would automatically have brought him to his senses. Admittedly Lily Christine, with her unselfish love and bitterly wounded pride, might have declined to stoop to this, but surely her friends could not have been the total idiots they are pictured. A state of gloomy apathy appears to represent their general condition, and even when they do act their brains function in the poorest possible manner. Fancy having such a set of devoted useless "dumbbells" for one's friends!

But let us give the book its due. It contains this one charming, touching figure, it is very well-written, and it unfolds a drama, which, if improbable, is nevertheless impressive. And the final chapter, with its eloquent restraint and its unanswered, agonizing question, is masterly. If Mr. Arlen continues to develop in this manner he may well achieve a rank among the novelists which will astonish the exasperated scoffers at his earlier work.

Post-War England

WHEN I GROW RICH. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MRS. SIDGWICK demonstrates in this fine novel of life among the post-war generation in England the ability to write interestingly and entertainingly about fundamentally decent and likable people. Her youngsters are on the whole a sound-hearted lot, open-eyed to reality, most of them kind and understanding and very much in earnest, and still quite as susceptible to the call of romance as any of their more sentimental ancestors.

Added to this attractive and somewhat unusual feature of her book is her ability to people its pages with many characters, and to give them a sense of vitality; one of the best-drawn figures does not appear upon the actual scene until the story is nearly told, and then to remain for no more than a few pages, and yet she is clear and vivid, a kind, rather stupid woman of the sort destined to make trouble for herself and others despite an outpouring of affection that catches up the mangiest of alley-kittens in its soft flood.

"When I Grow Rich" is a good novel to read, for the very simple reason that few words are wasted on descriptions and reflections. The author spends her energy keeping her characters walking and talking, falling in love, trying to help others, being as gentle as they can and as courageous, and making mistakes as normally as any of the rest of us make mistakes. This gives the story the stir of life, which is one of the principal qualities fiction should have, of course.

A large part of the novels that have been published since Margaret Kennedy's great success of a few seasons past have been compared with "The Constant Nymph," if not by the reviewers, by their hopeful publishers, and one hesitates to drag in that book again. And yet "When I Grow Rich" brings it to mind because it is so much about family life of one kind or another, about the criss-cross of family relations, their complications and difficulties, and also their value and attractiveness. The chief family in Mrs. Sidgwick's story is that of a leader-writer on a Liberal journal, and a long, long way from Sanger's renowned Circus, to be sure, but with much of the same interest, if none of the wildness, of that *ménage*.

There is another family of importance in the book, not of the usual sort at all, but a family nevertheless. The story really turns about a "super-house," a residence in London run coöperatively by a crowd of youngsters, headed by one of the daughters of the Liberal editor, a medical student. There is an intruder—all the members of the super-house are poor—in the person of a rich young man, who does his level best to live down the handicap of his wealth because of his love for the head of the estab-

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lishment. His presence there has a good deal to do with the title of the novel.

Mrs. Sidgwick has a plot and a highly complicated one, which does very well to bind her characters together, and which provides some dramatic bits. There is a villain, who turns out to be rather less villainous in the end than he first appears, and there are passages in the earlier part of the story that led the reader to expect a more striking dénouement than comes about. For this reason, the novel rather lets down at the end, but not in the excellence of its characterization, nor in the sense of life already mentioned.

Mrs. Sidgwick's style, which is not of the smoothly rhythmic order, but which has an oddly glancing way of arriving at effects, and which is often impressionistic in the sense that it suggests and quickens instead of making every detail plain in black-on-white, is highly individual. She actually relies upon dialogue less than one feels when closing the book; it is because there are so many people in the story and because they talk much and well, but not too well, that this impression is made of a great deal of conversation, which gives the book its striking liveliness.

"When I Grow Rich" runs beyond the usual length of current novels, as it has some 461 closely printed pages, but it is not at all too long for the successful unraveling of its plot, and the more or less satisfactory arrangement of the lives of its characters. If it ends, as millions of novels have ended, where a honeymoon begins, the events leading up to the wedding ceremony are original. And nearly all its characters are both human and decent.

Farewell and Hail

GOOD-BYE WISCONSIN. By GLENWAY WESCOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THOUGH not specifically labelled, the first piece in Mr. Wescott's new book may be taken as a preface for the other ten stories. Like most good prefaces it is considerably more interesting than what follows, admirable as these clear-cut examples of his talent are. In it this young American takes stock, before it is too late, of his background and his youth, and lays down a program for the future. Describing his return to Wisconsin from Paris he records as finely as before the hard beauty of his native state and its people, but he is at the same time conscious that he no longer belongs to it. He has inevitably progressed to another stage of development, a more sophisticated and mature stage, neither higher nor lower, but new. From now on, he proclaims, he would like to write about ideal people living under ideal conditions, less firmly tied to familiar soil. There will be nothing partial or frustrated about them, only the "inavertible troubles of the spirit" will furnish his theme. And the style will be "in accordance with the ebb and flow of sensation rather than material habits, and out of it myself with my origins and my prejudices and my Wisconsin will seem to have disappeared." Note that *seem*, for Mr. Wescott knows as well as anyone that it is impossible for an author to be truly independent of background, however much it may be transformed by circumstance.

Before embarking on this new and less localized manner, he has wished to bid farewell to the *genre* which served him so well in that remarkable first novel, "The Apple of the Eye," and, already somewhat diluted, in "The Grandmothers." He has done it by showing us a succession of characters, drawn with his usual feeling and strength, facing in their own differing ways the same situation that Glenway Wescott has faced as a writer. His men and women are offered the chance to change radically the mode of their lives—a chance which, it may be observed, nearly all of them accept, though the result is often only a restless unhappiness. Still, these people of Mr. Wescott's Wisconsin have seen life in other places under other conditions, as it is lived by men and women of a different sort. His "Runaways" join a carnival, his farmer boy goes to sea, his average young girl marries the man her mother does not approve of. It is less the result of these changes than the inevitability of them that is stressed. Life cannot stand still—even in Wisconsin, Mr. Wescott appears to add.

The few who are unable or afraid obtain peace only by destroying this desire to accept experience. Whether represented in Ibsenesque fashion by the wild swan which is shot by the composer Hubert Redd, unable to get away from his small home town, or the dream of his first love which the successful man stifles in his heart as he is about to be married—successfully—the urge is felt by all, and must be fought or submitted to.

The material with which Mr. Wescott repeatedly illustrates this theme is never novel, and he plays no startling technical variations with it. Yet it is a continuous pleasure to read his prose, fresh, unstrained, unaffected in description, sensitive and direct in narrative. It is the most outward evidence of a talent exceptionally hopeful, whether fettered to the soil of Wisconsin or released for further amendment abroad.

An Amiable Bibliophile

THIS BOOK COLLECTING GAME. A. EDWARD NEWTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $5.

THE suggestion of apologetic facetiousness in the title of this book is faintly irritating, but we must remember that Mr. Newton is an enthusiast and that enthusiasts are inclined to smile at their own hobbies in order to keep a sense of proportion and so justify themselves to the world. And it must be admitted that in his books—of which this latest is perhaps the best—Mr. Newton has opened the eyes of many to the exciting charm, not to mention the financial possibilities, of collecting. He gossips about bibliography as Mr. Birrell used to gossip about literature, and as he humanizes everything with his genial philosophy and buttonholing manner he makes us share in his own evident delight. Let us glance at his apologia.

> What a glorious thing is English literature! The man who elects to study it in first editions is riding a noble hobby. Consider its veritable age, its unbroken continuity, its tremendous range . . . . what a variety! We book-collectors each of us can ride an animal differing in some respect, from every other animal; but we are alike in this: That as we put it through its paces and explain its good points to our auditor—when we can find one—we are enjoying life to a degree that a man without a hobby knows nothing of.

Well, Mr. Newton has found his auditors all right, and indeed one need not be a collector of anything to enjoy his good company. He ripples gently on like a stream flowing through a meadow, and his books, which can be opened anywhere and closed anywhere make ideal bedside companions. And yet it is possible that this champion beguiler of half-hours is regarded with a certain dismay by serious collectors of limited means. His popularity, however gratifying to the dealers in rare books, has had an alarming effect upon prices. Many a poor devil would be only too glad to know what author Mr. Newton is going to write about next. No greater compliment could be paid to his extraordinary gift for endowing technical details with the breath of life.

Mr. Newton appears to be an omnivorous collector of all that is most precious in English literature and "In This Book Collecting Game" he browses, as usual, on a variety of subjects. To each one of them he brings an informed mind—for he knows the inside of books as completely as he knows the outside—and though one may often dispute his judgments, nevertheless it is pleasant to find a man whose opinions are frankly personal and so beyond argument. If he is full of dogmatic assertions, he is aware that they are dogmatic, and he is even prepared—an uncommon trait—to dislike an author and admit that he may be wrong. For example, he says (perhaps rather unnecessarily), "of Conrad, I, who cannot read him, say nothing because I know nothing." The rest is silence.

Generally speaking, Mr. Newton's accuracy seems to be that of the true bibliophile, but now and then he nods. For instance, he remarks that Mr. T. J. Wise, that prince of book-collectors, "takes the year 1640 for his starting point." But a study of the Ashley Catalogue shows that Mr. Wise's Elizabethan quartos excluding form about the most important section of his library. And surely Mr. Newton has been singularly unfortunate never to have met an Englishman, as he says, who has heard of "Ethan Frome." The book is quite well known in England in literary, if not in collecting circles.

This work is admirably produced, and the 134 illustrations, nearly all taken from items in the author's library, add much to its value. There is also a full index, but it is just as well to point out that Conrad was *not* the author of "Ave."

Wild Life

TRAILS OF THE HUNTED. By JAMES L. CLARK. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by MARTIN JOHNSON
Author of "Safari"

BOOKS on adventures with animals are coming from the presses in an ever increasing stream, and they present a drab and discouraging picture of the attempts of man to reduce the population of the animal world. Now and then, however, a book appears that tells a different story, and such is the case with "Trails of the Hunted" written by the Assistant Director of the American Museum of Natural History. It tells sympathetically, entertainingly, and accurately the story of African, Asiatic, and American wild life.

For more than twenty years Mr. Clark has been a student of animals. As an associate of the late Carl E. Akeley, of A. Radclyffe Dugmore, of Colonel and Kermit Roosevelt, and many others, he has been keenly and sympathetically interested in their welfare. As a representative of the world's greatest museum of natural history, he has collected specimens, of course, but by no stretch of the imagination can Clark be considered a killer.

His experiences with animals are fascinating, and his interpretation of their characters approaches perfection. Furthermore, despite his modesty, he tells stories of adventure and danger that are seldom equalled and rarely surpassed. To be "treed" by two hundred and fifty stampeding elephants is an adventure worth recording, and Mr. Clark records it well. To step unexpectedly into the midst of a band of fourteen lions in the grass and not to know for several breathless moments what to expect, is equally exciting. To be charged by rhinos when one's gun misfires—to creep up on buffaloes in bush so dense that they could be smelled before they could be seen—all these are real adventures of which Mr. Clark tells clearly and in a most delightful manner. His stories of Africa are among the best that I have ever heard, and I have heard many.

And excellent though his stories of Africa are, his stories of American game hold their own with them. Yet all of these give way before his account of one of the most astounding adventures of modern times, when, in the company of William J. Morden, Mr. Clark attempted to cross the Gobi Desert and Inner Mongolia in the late Fall of 1926. The expedition fell into the hands of a group of brutal Mongols, underwent fearful torture, endured three weeks of captivity, and finally, after having been taken by its captors across hundreds of miles of snow-covered desert and across a dozen frigid mountain passes in the dead of winter, obtained its release in the mud village of Kobdo, still six hundred miles from a railroad and two thousand from its friends.

"Trails of the Hunted" is a story of a unique life. My own wanderings have brought me into contact with men who have adventured in every part of the world, and I, myself, have had more than one exciting experience, but James L. Clark has told such a story as few men these days can equal, and he has written it with such simplicity, such modesty, and such charm, that no one can fail to read this handsome volume from cover to cover.

Good Talk

(*Continued from page* 365)

of free will or the love of God with the same intensity that he allows himself in discussing "Strange Interlude," "John Brown's Body," or the novels of James Joyce. Books are our fetishes that we worship or beat, thus symbolically ridding ourselves of emotions that would be unbecoming if they were directly expressed. Perhaps this is why literary criticism, which seems a kind of parasitical growth upon creative imagination, is often so vital and nearly always passionate when compared with the news columns.

But it seems to be impossible to talk directly of the things which really matter without cracking the thin ice of security. Or is it that we have lost the art of talking dangerously? Or not lost it so much as given it over to bores and propagandists and people with fixations, so that a humorous conversation made up of badinage is good, and a sober conversation of fact and anecdote is useful, and a serious conversation, where faith and doubts are risked, likely to wind up as a meeting with a bone-head in the chair.

It was a good line to say, "I am on the side of the angels." But they talked better in hell.

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The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

HERBERT ASBURY'S reprint edition of Jerry Thomas's "Bon Vivant's Companion or How to Mix Drinks" (first published in 1862) is an admirable contribution to our social history. I am a little disappointed, however, that Mr. Asbury in his delightful prefatory essay on Jerry Thomas makes no allusion to Professor Thomas's disciple and rival Harry Johnson. Jerry Thomas's fame is secure; as the inventor of the *Tom and Jerry* his glory, I hope, endureth as long as men remember how cold weather used to be mitigated. But Harry Johnson's "Bartender's Manual," though evidently inspired by Jerry's book, has merits of its own. Harry Johnson learned his trade in San Francisco, in the 50's—perhaps under the actual tuition of Professor Thomas, who had gone there in '49. In that famous "tourney of skill" held in New Orleans in '69, when the six most famous bartenders of the country engaged in competitive artistry, it was Harry Johnson who won the palm. What a scene! It seems to me that somewhere I have seen an old print illustrating the event—I wish I could find it again. Certainly the occasion was worthy of a Currier and Ives lithograph.

Judging by such pictures as have been preserved I do not believe that Harry Johnson's moustache was in any way inferior to Jerry Thomas's. Of Professor Thomas's whisker, which infatuated generations of admirers, Mr. Asbury remarks that it even exceeded the famous moustache of Charley Sander—"it was generally conceded that Professor Thomas's was more thoroughly trained, or cowed, and lay closer to his cheeks." But it does not look to me (in Mr. Asbury's frontispiece) nearly as luxuriant as Harry Johnson's, which had moreover the outward whorl of the true type. The profusion of Harry's drapery almost ensured his being an abstainer, as most of the great bartenders were. I submit a portrait of the phenomenon as document for students.

It is my impression—Mr. Asbury will correct me if I am wrong—that it was Harry Johnson who is supposed to have perfected the Old Fashioned Cocktail which has enjoyed so large a revival of patronage in this later generation.

Most of all in Harry Johnson's book I enjoy his shrewd comments on the proper conduct of a barroom and his extreme sense of the respectability of the enterprise. I think it is true that most of the fanatical prohibitionists never saw one of the really mannerly bar-rooms of the old time. Harry's comments on the philosophy and ethics of Free Lunch, etiquette to be observed toward customers, cleanliness, the training of apprentices, the necessity of the bartender never smoking or joining in a drink, no dicing or cards to be allowed, all testify his fine instinct for deportment. Nothing distresses him so much as any lack of delicacy—

> Overlook the entire lunch-counter, keep it in proper condition, and also have an eye on some customers who are not as particular as they ought to be, and see that the patrons use a fork and not their fingers in digging out or helping themselves to the eatables. If necessary, the lunchman should caution the customer against forgetting the use of the fork, but, of course, he must do it in a gentlemanly manner, or, otherwise, he would offend those who have simply forgotten.

Harry Johnson's "Remarks About Cashing Checks," as I have said before, are a perfect little eassay. I quoted them once, long ago, nearly in full. Lord Bacon himself might have been more witty on this difficult topic, but could hardly have been more sage. A few words only:—

> If I had any advice to give, it would be not to cash any checks whatever, if it is possible to avoid doing so. Where there is a large number of checks cashed, there will be some trouble, if not actual loss, connected with the collections. In cashing checks, you should also have your wits about you, be as calm and collected as a bank official, examine the check, back and front, and see that it is perfectly drawn. Do not keep checks in your possession a minute longer than possible.

Harry would perhaps have disapproved the candor of the modern hideaway joint that displays the legend: BANKS DON'T SERVE MEALS, WE DON'T CASH CHECKS, but he would have understood the reasons for it. I have always liked his title-page description of himself, which seems so very contemporary—"Publisher and Professional Bartender."

* * *

We always reserve a small affectionate sprig of laurel for any really new and shining coinage in the realm of blurb. This time it goes to Mr. Harry Lanier for the genial little circular of his excellent magazine *The Golden Book* which, it says,

> May fairly be classed as what the modern psychologists call "essentialistic reading."

That famous editorial-page department "Men and Things," in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, gives an agreeable picture of the post-midnight hours in the Indictment Department of the District Attorney's office, in the Philadelphia City Hall. As one who has had some experience of hours both long and late I relish this description of the indictment clerk's well-earned recreations:—

> Of three on hand long beyond the witching hour, one balances clauses or moves phrases as checkers on a board; another grinds a myriad mimeo'd forms, and a third, in waiting with a long list of filler, finds Elysium in a corner

Harry Johnson

> (this time with Sharman's Cursory History of Swearing), bangs out a hurried note to an overseas bibliopole for some introuvable, or draws from its hiding place in his desk the copy of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," presented and inscribed by Phillips to Sidney Colvin (with several of Phillips's letters to Colvin laid in), or gloats over Fred Shinckle's old receipt-book (1760-1808) with its holograph receipts by Toby Hirte, of Kipling's Brother Square-Toes (possibly the only extant autographs, and certainly the only ones in private hands).

Anyone who knows his Philadelphia of course recognizes in this description our old friend James Shields, most persiduous of bibliophiladelphians. Veteran of a thousand curious searches at Leary's Old Bookstore, ingenious ensuer of literary vestiges, it is good to know that even with so many transgressors in Philadelphia who have to be indicted in due form Mr. Shields still snatches those midnight moments of millennium.

Anne Goodwin Winslow writes from Raleigh, Tennessee:—

> Your description of the drop curtain at the Rialto Theatre, Hoboken, is unmistakable. I have known that curtain in several cities, but best in Washington, where it used to égayer the entr'actes at the New National. If you will look at it through your opera glasses you will doubtless see the words "Psyche at the Throne of Venus" inscribed upon it near the bottom. Many good jokes used to hang about this leaf-fringed legend. At least we thought them good—especially the ones we made ourselves. And there was the congressman from the West who laid down his glasses, turned to his wife and remarked:—"That's certainly the darnedest way to spell fish."
>
> But mustn't you read The Princess again? You really should.

I suspect that Hugh Kingsmill's book on Matthew Arnold is going to be amusing. Whether it is sound or not is another question; I've only had time so far to read the first paragraph of the introduction. But that, I admit, gave me a valuable seizure of hilarity:—

> One evening in the late autumn of 1912 Middleton Murry called on Frank Harris, at the offices of *Hearth and Home*, a mild ladies' paper, which, after a long and blameless life, suddenly found itself struggling in the fierce embraces of Frank Harris, endured during six months the extremes of ecstasy and remorse, and died in the following year. In the spring of 1912 Murry, then twenty-two or three, had written of Harris as the biggest man since Shakespeare. Harris was content with this as a provisional estimate, but was waiting for it to be amplified.

* * *

The Bijou Theatre says of a play now running there that it is "Helping us to make 45th Street the most important and popular street in town." The *Saturday Review*, at number 25 West, will obviously not offer any contradiction.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Hokum?

A LANTERN IN HER HAND. By BESS STREETER ALDRICH. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

SOME ruthless person should review Mrs. Aldrich's last novel, someone who would treat it with the callous injustice that it richly deserves, someone who would not mind ignoring its merits and who would call it canned soup and be done with it. For it is compounded to formula from beginning to end. It is one of the most typical novels ever written. There is a sticky quatrain by Joyce Kilmer on the title-page, whence comes the Polyanna title; there is all the covered-wagon epic stuff; there is the lovely and gifted girl who has the ambition and the ability to become a concert singer, a painter, and an accomplished lady all in one, but who refuses the loveless marriage which would make it all possible. There is everything in short that is traditional in the mid-western novel. It has all the sure-fire stuff in the world. For that reason there is no saying what it may not achieve.

But as a matter of fact, "A Lantern in Her Hand" isn't just tripe. Given any literary ability, whoever does not mind writing to formula is certain to make something of his material. Sure-fire stuff does at least go off. Mrs. Aldrich has some duds, it is true; one of her young men goes off to each of three wars, but the author is too soft-hearted to let him get hurt; Abbie Deal's husband dies without either warning or explanation; the epic formulas, after the manner of "Show Boat," especially the one about the wind blowing and you can't stop time—"time please stop and let me think"—are bores; Grandpa Deal's quizzical remarks don't quizzle; and Abbie's conversations with her dead husband leave one dry-eyed. Even so. But Mrs. Aldrich has some real prairie blizzards (more sure-fire stuff, in which the stolid German neighbor drags Abbie through several rods of blinding snow, rods that seem miles, and gets her inside just in time, literally, for Abbie's child to be born), some lovely descriptions of the coming of spring across the prairie, and a dirt-storm that carries entire convictions.

Now if a writer is able to make the pioneer hardships seem real and pioneer accomplishments heroic she can go a long way. Mrs. Aldrich can do these things. And finally, if a writer can make a mother's sacrifice and the Christmas parties seem real he can make anything go. Well, either the reviewer was tired and his guard down—or else Mrs. Aldrich has command of simple pathos. She does make the settlement of the West seem an epic accomplishment. That just men and women could have brought it about and borne children and educated them and built cities and so on passes belief. She does make bearing children, and loving them, and teaching them, and cheerfully giving up all the world that they might have it instead, seem worth doing. Novels will go on telling about these things forever, and people will read them, and laugh over them, and cry over them. And it will do people no harm. Only the authors should be told this, that the formula should not be written too close to standard, and that there are better sources of inspiration than the less tonic lines of Joyce Kilmer.

Walther von Molo, who has shown conspicuous fervour in the biographical novel—his heroes include Schiller and Frederick the Great—has found a congenial subject in Martin Luther. The action of "Mensch Luther" (Zsolnay, 6.50 marks) occupies only two days; the scene is Worms; the date 1521. But the book is not merely historical; there is much in it that applies to our own times.

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The United States of Advertising

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT'S friend, Tom Pinch, looking over the "want-ad" page in his newspaper (as we all do at times, seeking a cook, or a flat, or mayhap a job), is led to wonder why more of the "wants" do not cancel out.

"Here are all kinds of servants wanting all kinds of employers, and all kinds of employers wanting all kinds of servants, and they never get together," he observes to John Westlock.

But they do, of course. That is what perpetuates the want-ad page. They come together. but there is no record. The advertisement disappears, to make place for another.

The classified page changing from day to day, with its thousand contributors, each writing his own copy in his own individual way, is a human document which the social historian of the future cannot afford to ignore. It is a microcosm of the wants and wishes and desires and hopes of a community. Other observers besides Dickens have noticed it. But the professional advertising man disdains it. It has received no polish from his bag of tricks, no enhancement from art, typography, or copy writing. It remains virginal, the spontaneous, impromptu advertising of the people. In England and France it has developed its own peculiar code, by abbreviating the important words for economy's sake (payment being by the word and not by the line as with us) which is curiously comprehensible in spite of its uncouthness.

—Pens, fam., d. pitt, prop., bois 10 Ha., trav. p. jol. riv., 28 fr.—Varnier, Pont p. Semur (Cote-d'Or).
—Cote d'Azur a v. jolie villa nve mblée b. jard. 630 m. 6 p. et gar. 3 terr. perg. chauff. cent. eau, gaz, él.—Ecr.: Villa Sol y Sombra, boul. de la Mer, Fréjus—Plage (Var.).

The want ad has persisted from the beginning of printed advertising in its same humble typographic form. It is readable literature, and has always been so, an index of manners and morals, miniature biographies, skeleton plots for novels, unconscious humor, compressed in three lines. And this simple, elementary and direct form of advertising is the source of all the modern display advertising that fills newspapers and magazines, and expands them until editors are hard put to it to find enough pure reading matter to balance their publications.

For all practical purposes there are two grand divisions of advertising, the posted and the printed, the stationary and the movable, that to which the public goes and that which goes to the public. Posters, inscriptions, the sgraffiti announcements of gladiatorial combats on the walls of Pompeii, Luther's ninety-five articles nailed to the church door at Wittenberg, everything from a counter cut-out to a twenty-four sheet poster, from a tin sniper to a street car card, is mural advertising. The mural form is the oldest, for printed advertising had to wait for Gutenberg, but the printed form is the more highly developed, and remains the most important, from a business and economic viewpoint as well as from a sociological and esthetic. Modern inventions have introduced new mediums, the cinema, the radio, and the airplane (sky writing), and they are being experimented with, and will be tested and allotted a work in the distribution of goods if found practicable and profitable, but printed advertising had its cradle, its incunabulum, as book collectors say, in the want ad.

* * *

The first offers of wares by mercers, ironmongers, and haberdashers appeared in the want-ad form, sandwiched indiscriminately between announcements of individuals desiring a sober footman or seeking a lost snuff-box, as you can see in faded copies of *Spectators* and *Newsletters*. That is, they were not "classified" as they are today. The commercial part of this advertising developed a new technique, known as display, but the want ad retains its pristine form, its naiveté and picturesqueness, and fills whole sections of metropolitan newspapers.

In the seventeenth century these little advertisements were known as siquises, from the phrase with which they invariably began, *Si Quis*, if anyone, very much as the modern French *petite annonce* starts with *On Demande*. In "Every Man in his Humor" Ben Jonson introduces an advertising man as one of the characters, and the description of Shift not only reveals the low esteem in which Jonson held the craft, but is an admirable demonstration of Jonson's ability to write seventeenth century slang. In the play are given some specimens of Shift's talent as an ad-writer, which, for want of a better medium, are posted on one of the pillars in St. Paul's church. And these little scraps of utilitarian literature are revealing pictures of the times.

Later there were newspapers, and advertisers found their columns a better medium than the columns of St. Paul's. Addison, whose methods of getting business for his *Spectator* remind one of the ethics of the late *Town Topics*, observed with pompous condescension: "Those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints I consider as accounts of news from the little world in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great."

His opinion was justified. Some twenty years ago Lawrence Lewis published a study of those times based on the news from the little world in the *Spectator*, and showed how valuable advertising can be as a footnote to contemporary civilization. Both Addison and his age stand revealed in all their baseness, corruption, and vanity. The continuing series of small advertisements, frank, selfish, self-seeking, and self-interested, are a sort of Pepys's Diary of an era.

But great as are the possibilities of advertising as a literature produced spontaneously by a people, few historians have noticed it. The Beards glanced at it in their memorable work, and Mark Sullivan has reproduced old advertisements for the light they throw on contemporary habits. It is to be hoped he will consider this factor in our life more fully as his work goes on. The New York Public Library is establishing a permanent collection of advertising, adding representative exhibits year by year, for current and future reference. Advertising has become a dominating factor in modern life. It is immaterial whether it is economically good or bad, whether it is vulgar, blatant, exaggerated, and misleading or a legitimate method of distributing goods; there it is. It exists. It is perhaps the most voluminous, most widely circulated, most generally read of any form of print. It is produced by forces growing out of our conception of life, and made possible by our mental attitude, and as such it must have influence, and is certainly a revelation of our character.

* * *

There is need of a calm survey of advertising by some dispassionate historian who will take the time to understand it without being misled by enthusiasts. It is now being vigorously debated by two schools. On one side is the economist who is disturbed by a new dimension in business which he cannot classify, and so writes it all off as an economic loss. When he is better informed as to the part advertising plays in our industrial civilization, he deprecates the admitted extravagance and exaggeration of some advertising. There are also the esthetes, annoyed by it without going deeper, at its bulk, its pervasiveness, its many ugly aspects. On the other side are its apologists, who profit by it or by the use of it, and who are sometimes as undiscriminating as its opponents. What is needed is intelligent criticism, which separates the actual benefits from the irrelevant and unnecessary faults. But no one can do this job who does not realize that advertising is part and parcel of our present industrial and commercial set up, that advertising is necessary to nation-wide distribution of goods, and nation-wide distribution of goods is necessary to mass production, and mass production produces our present prosperity, such as it is. To abolish advertising means to knock the props out from under the whole structure. Nor could advertising be wholly abolished under any system of living. It has been present in some form to some extent in human affairs since earliest recorded history. It is not advertising that flutters the economical dove cote, but the amount of it, and the character of it, and the power and influence it acquires under the momentum of its enormous volume.

In a fascinating book, which everyone, should read, George Bernard Shaw defines his conception of Socialism. With characteristic audacity he calls it his last will and testament. By it we are all made residuary legatees to a world rendered perfect by equal income. That is, the Esquimaux in his igloo will receive exactly the same stipend as the president of the National City Bank. Although he does not say so, he evidently does not conceive of advertising in this new world of his. His opinion of advertising is apparent in those neat barbed arrows he knows so well how to launch. To put it briefly and bluntly, but not more bluntly than he does, advertisements are lies and the men who write them are prostitutes. We know that some advertisements are lies, but then so are some books on economics. There is probably the same proportion of falsehood, misstatement, charlatanry, and other unlovely and uneconomic vices in advertising that there is in all human products—in book reviews, legal opinions, medical diagnoses. But a world in which everyone received the same income might be a world made safe for advertising. The unequal distribution of money is one of the advertising men's problems. The selection of a medium in which to insert advertising is governed by the buying power of its readers. A Lincoln car must find a different market from a Ford car. Mediums are classified by the imagined incomes of their readers. High priced articles are advertised in class publications, supposed to be read by the well-to-do, and popular priced articles in mass publications with greatly increased circulations. But if everyone has the same income and the same buying power, every publication is equally good. The *Saturday Review* is as good as the *Saturday Evening Post*. Either everybody can buy the article, or no one can. The Lincoln will disappear, for it is safe to say that when incomes are equal the incomes will be Ford incomes. The purpose of the advertising then will be to find how many can be persuaded to buy Fords out of their allowances instead of, say, vacuum cleaners or radios.

* * *

Mr. Shaw might say there will be no advertising men then, because with incomes equalized there will be no money in the advertising game, but there will be at least as much money in it as in the brick-laying game or the play-writing game—both of which gainful occupations he expects will persist—and a man might have a fitness for advertising and like it and elect it as his job. Shaw has not pushed advertising off the map in his scheme of things. He has merely eliminated one of advertising's problems.

A detached survey of advertising must consider not only its effect on people, apart from its obvious purpose of selling them goods, but also how people influence the character of advertising, exactly as they influence the character of books, newspapers, magazines, plays, and moving pictures.

That eternal struggle, supposed to be going on in the soul of every editor, publisher, artist, playwright, author, and moving picture producer, the choice between satisfying an artistic conscience and giving the public what it wants, obtains in advertising also. Advertising must inevitably give the public what it wants. Advertising has no other end. It cannot rest content with the creation of sheer beauty as the artist or author may—and sometimes does. That it often achieves beauty, in word, in picture, in physical appearance, is due partly to the craftsmanship of those who produce it and partly to the growing knowledge that beauty has a power of its own to move men's minds. But the volume of advertising—and it is volume more than any other quality that makes the judicious grieve—and its direction, objective, character, are all results of the public's receptivity, of its acceptance of large scale living on the same general plan.

* * *

The inhabitants of these United States are more nearly like-minded than any other large group in the world. It is customary to describe them as standardized, and blame advertising. Advertising is far more engaged in exploiting like-mindedness than creating it. Our country, as contrasted with the older civilizations, has made its growth since means of intercommunication became common and plentiful. The railroad and motor car have made the country smaller. People get about and see how other people live, and adjust their lives accordingly. The tools and furniture of living are distributed with equal facility. We all live by doing one another's washing. The newspapers, which began as independent, individual, local organs of their communities, have been growing more and more like

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by Earnest Elmo Calkins

each other, as married people do who spend a lifetime together. The syndicate distributes comic strips and canned editorials and other features, and gives a family likeness to newspapers published in widely separated cities. The concentration of many newspapers under one management means that every device for increasing circulation is exchanged and adopted by all. The newspapers are alike not only in physical appearance but in policy. Thirty million people read Arthur Brisbane's editorials, or are in a position to read them by buying the papers that carry them. The magazines, especially the women's magazines, with their enormous circulations, averaging two millions or more each, are distributing constructive suggestions about the whole problem of living—food, decoration, dress, and the upbringing of children, and they too bear a strange likeness to one another and borrow one another's tricks. The movie and the radio distribute suggestions to the eye and ear, not merely to an interested few, but to millions daily. The chain stores greet us when we go to market, each with the same painted front, the same window dressing, the same arrangement of goods inside. Apartment houses and the long rows of duplicate cottages and bungalows order the daily lives of numbers of families, with the bathtub, the kitchen sink, or the dressing table in the same position in each, so that life must be lived in all of them on the same ground plan. It has been said that nowhere in the world are there so many people in so large a territory engaged in unrestricted free trade with one another. It might be added that nowhere are there so many people surrounded by the same paraphernalia, doing the same thing in the same way at the same time as in this territory. All of which makes opportunity for the advertiser who wishes to distribute his product on a national scale. The volume of advertising and its extraordinary success in selling goods is due to this receptiveness of the American public, to the fact that they do not mind buying and using exactly what their neighbors buy and use, that they rather prefer it. It is a country ideally arranged for advertising. These are some of the forces that have been preparing the American mind for nation-wide advertising. The manufacturer has availed himself of conditions already created. He has been helped by standardization. The expression "standardization" is another of those omnibus words with so many meanings that definition is necessary. The standardization of material things is a convenience in an age when so many material things seem necessary to perform the function of living. No one will quarrel with the idea of having all electric light outlets of the same calibre and thread, so that any lamp will fit any socket. But with us standardization has gone farther than that. The human unit is standardized, so that a family in Springfield, Mass., will fit into a community in Springfield, Mo., as neatly as an incandescent lamp fits into its socket. This is admitted by all and deplored by some, and advertising is often held responsible. While it is true that advertising has assisted, it is not the only influence, and it is the one that comes after the fact. It has profited by a standardization brought about by the ease of communication and the disposition to take stock of one another.

Advertising owes much of its development to what may be called the spirit of emulation. More motor cars are sold because the family next door has one, than because the purchaser has arrived independently at the decision that he needs one. A disposition to do what others do, to keep up with one's own crowd, or down with it when necessary, is the advertiser's greatest asset. Advertising of widely adopted popular articles has traded on this like-mindedness. It would never have succeeded with a nation of individualists such as the French. People who do not care what others think, who do not mind being eccentric, who wear what they please without self-consciousness, and who are utterly uninfluenced by public opinion, will never be good customers for the products of mass production. In the United States the opposite is true. We are abnormally self-conscious about our belongings, lest they look odd to our neighbors. Thus large-scale concerted action is obtained in many things which do not matter, such as sales conventions, golf, plus fours, donning straw hats May 15th, joining Rotary or Ku-Klux, bootleg booze, mothers' day, golf, sticking pictures on the windshield, hot-dog stands, flivver camps, filling stations, and pseudo-patriotism. All this makes things easier for the advertiser. If he has a set-up that is good in one family, it is good in all families, in Portland, Maine, as well as Portland, Oregon. If anybody wants it, everybody wants it. If you are going to drive a flock of sheep, it helps immensely that they are sheep. You can drive the whole flock. With a herd of pigs, you must drive each separate pig. This does not mean that there is no longer need for skilful, intelligent, well-thought-out advertising. There is every need, because your advertising must compete with all other advertising, and must be distinguished and original. But advertising is easy in this country compared with what it would be in France, or Russia, or Jugoslavia.

If this seems too severe, how is it with you? Do you feel entirely comfortable wearing a costume or pursuing a hobby which is contrary to custom? Can you stand the unspoken criticism of your neighbors, or worse, of strangers? We are doing astonishing and unconventional things, that shock and surprise the elder generations, but we are doing them in crowds. We are still just as intolerant of the pioneer—until he gets the crowd with him. It is safe to say that more than half the bootlegged liquor is drunk by people who do not want it, and only drink so as not to appear queer.

The effect of advertising, then, has been to give a fillip to a standardization that was already under way. As we have never asked for individuality, in fact rather fear it, no harm has been done in supplying us with useful, helpful, amusing things, whose only fault is that they are the same for all. As long as a hundred million people are content with the same clothes, foods, and amusements, it is possible to manufacture them on a large scale, at a low cost, and pay workmen enough to swell the number of purchasers. A motor car is the *ultima thule* of every American family, and fifteen million of them have been happy with the same identical car. On a French road, say between Bordeaux and Bayonne, you can meet in one day's journey more types of wheeled vehicles than there are makes of motor cars in this country. There are more differences in the homes of two Breton peasants living side by side than in a hundred thousand American farmhouses. There is no argument as to which is the better home from the material point of view. The point is that the peasant must be himself and learn for himself, while we rise by utilizing each other's experiences. Instead of one home specializing on a radio and another on a vacuum cleaner, as one peasant might have a carved armoire and another a painted high-wheeled cart, we have both the radio and the vacuum cleaner. That is collective living. There are rows of houses, block after block, so exactly alike that a householder coming home after his third synthetic cocktail would have difficulty identifying his own home. And the time may come when he will be unable to identify his own life.

Advertising has attained such volume that it presents a new problem, the problem of finding a place for it. It is the same problem which confronts the motor car and many other articles susceptible to mass production. Advertising owes its existence, or at least its growth, less to the desire to sell than to the will to buy. Its genesis was in the receptivity of the public. We talk about breaking down sales resistance, but in our country sales resistance is low. When the public refuses to respond advertising will be curtailed. The analogy of the motor car continues to hold. Manufacturers will make cars as long as people buy them. They will advertise cars and other things as long as that helps to sell them. The motor car was developed in full view of the public, and with its connivance and coöperation. The public is influencing and supervising not only its mechanical and esthetic betterment, but also the policies of the companies making it. The tendency to merge into groups is because there are too many kinds of cars, too wide a range of choice for a collective and like-minded public. Advertising is subject to this same influence. If it becomes milder, more sincere, less ugly, as it is tending to do, that is because the public has shown itself suspicious of and irritated at blatant, unreasonable, vulgar advertising. It is as difficult for crude, shameless, boasting advertising to sell goods as for a homely, inconvenient, awkward motor car to sell itself. In this, as in all its manifestations and metamorphoses, advertising reflects the mind and leanings of the public as much, if not more, than it does the aims and intentions of the advertisers.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, author of the foregoing article, is a member of an important advertising agency, and a lecturer and writer on art, printing, and advertising subjects. He was awarded the 1925 Edward Bok medal for distinguished service in advertising and has won as enviable a reputation as a genial essayist among magazine readers as he has on special lines from his fellow-workers. Among his books are "The Business of Advertising" (Appleton), "The Advertising Man" (Scribners), and "Louder, Please," an autobiography (Atlantic Monthly Press).

"A recent novel about Dickens," says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, "which makes the great author appear in the most miserable light, is arousing almost general discussion, for there is no writer who has evoked in all grades of society, here and in America, to a second and third generation, so personal an affection. A curious sign of it is that in the sections of the public that he most satirized, Americans and Puritans, the affection is strongest and rallies most warmly to Dickens movements and societies.

"The attempt to present Dickens as a sort of monster, without decency or kindness or honesty, will therefore come as a personal affront to a vast part of the population who have hardly even thought of Dickens as a fellow-mortal with human weaknesses and many of the defects of his tremendous qualities. He never had his Boswell or his Bourrienne, and Forster's biography left out so much that everyone wanted to know that there has always been among reflective people a curiosity about Dickens's life, so when this attack came the expected seemed to have happened. It will in time produce the crushing reply, with the documents that will give us a more human and understandable Dickens than we have hitherto conceived. Wordsworth is none the less Wordsworth because we know one or two things about him that were unknown to our fathers. The accusations against Dickens touch a different ground, but they are the more mean and ugly. The immediate question that arises is: What are the letters that are said to have been suppressed?

"Lady Dickens, the wife of Sir Henry Dickens, the novelists's surviving son, told me that neither she nor Sir Henry know of any letters that could possibly justify the bitterness of 'Ephesian's' novel, 'and it is hardly possible,' she added, 'that they exist without our knowledge. People are only too ready and willing to draw attention to anything that could be conceivably considered derogatory.' Lady Dickens thought it possible, however, that some of Dickens's comment on his home affairs may have been misunderstood, for he was at all times unguarded, and *now and again even loose in his correspondence.*

"It is certainly hard to find the bully and the hypocrite in the following reference to his wife: 'Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help to it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is for her own sake that I ever fell in her way, and if I were sick and disabled to-morrow I know how sorry she would be that we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise the moment I was well again, and nothing on earth would make her understand me or suit us to each other.'

"Inquiries made at the booksellers' and dealers' who make a speciality of Dickensia throw no light on the story of alleged incriminative correspondence in a published form in the United States. Neither do Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the original publishers, know of any work that would have influenced the attack. Many recall what Carlyle wrote to Emerson about the time of the separation: 'Unhappy these two, good many years past, and they at last end it.' And after that Carlyle wrote of Dickens, 'Noble Dickens, every inch of him an honest man.'"

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Books of Special Interest

Linguistic History

MODERN ENGLISH IN THE MAKING. By GEORGE H. MCKNIGHT, with the assistance of BERT EMSLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

DOUBTLESS other ways of writing the history of the English language are possible, but many illustrious precedents have established two as orthodox. The first of these, which may be said to be a little more orthodox than the second, is the grammatical, the second the literary way. The grammatical historian ordinarily begins with the sounds and spellings of the language, systematically and exhaustively presented, and then proceeds to its forms and inflections. The grammatical historian rarely gets beyond these two themes of phonology and morphology. If he is bold and generous, he may add a brief discussion of syntax. But the knowledge of the syntax of English is so little developed and the subject in itself is so complicated from the point of view of systematic description, that most historians have been content to pass it by with only such casual glances as may be given to it in the discussion of the inflections and forms of words in the language. And as for vocabulary, the grammatical historian easily justifies himself in handing over that subject to somebody else. The advantages of this grammatical method lie obviously in the direction of exactness and definiteness. The disadvantages are that the method is technical, and that it calls for a manner of presentation repellent to all except professional students of language.

Professor McKnight's and Mr. Emsley's "Modern English in the Making" is not written in the grammatical, but in the literary way. The book falls into a number of chapters which are virtually separate essays, to be exact, into twenty-two separate essays. The subjects range from Chaucer and Caxton through Humanism, Purism, Shakespeare, Johnson's Dictionary, Punctuation, Pronunciation, American English, down to Modern Spelling and the way words sound today. An extraordinary amount of picturesque and pertinent detail is brought together in the book, and both the scholar and the amateur can read the essays with pleasure and profit.

But the literary method also has its disadvantages. For a good deal of the material of Professor McKnight's and Mr. Emsley's essays has to do with detail which is linguistic only in the most general way. It has to do with the cultural, political, literary, and ethnological background of the language, but obviously the coming of Hengist and Horsa to England, or the Norman Conquest, or the story of the successive translation of the Bible into English are not in themselves linguistic matters. Strictly speaking, the history of the English language can be written only in terms of linguistic detail. The various translations of the Bible do provide abundant materials for linguistic study, but only when one examines the actual variabilities of the language employed by the translators does such study become genuinely linguistic. It would be unfortunate if students remained content with talking about the language and made no effort to know what the language itself actually is or has been.

Another disadvantage of the literary method is that it tends to give a delusive appearance of finality and completeness to its picture of the history of the language. The literary historian assumes the privilege of choosing and rejecting detail at his pleasure. It is so easy and so pleasant to move along in his story that the reader is inclined to overlook the fact that there are many steps that must be taken in the dark, and that if one were so inclined to do, one could make the history of the English language a catalogue of obscurities and failures as easily as a tale of things accomplished and justified. But the disadvantages of the literary method must not be over-emphasized, and a good book, like that of Professor McKnight and Mr. Emsley, will undoubtedly do good by interesting its readers, and by leading some of them at least to undertake the task of acquiring a first-hand knowledge of the actual language of the time of Alfred, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Pope.

Professor McKnight and Mr. Emsley call their book "Modern English in the Making," but it must be understood that the term modern English is used here in the grammarian's sense of the words, not in that sense which the literary student would ordinarily apply to them. To most persons not familiar with the technical vocabulary of philology, modern English would mean the English of today and to him the title "Modern English in the Making" would seem to imply a promise to tell about those forces and influences which are determining the character of English in our own generation. Beyond question an interesting book could be written on this subject. But it is not the subject of Professor McKnight's and Mr. Emsley's book. Their subject is the more orthodox one of traditional linguistic history, which calls all the period from Chaucer to the present the modern English period. The field thus defined affords an inexhaustible supply of material, and the conclusions one may arrive at therein are probably less open to question than the assertions the diagnostician might be led to make with respect to the present living moments of English or its probable fate in the near future.

Behaviorism

HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By WALTER S. HUNTER. University of Chicago Press. 1928.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THIS revision of an earlier work restates the position of a less aggressive member of the group of behaviorists. Professor Hunter prefers the term Anthroponomy to Psychology in order to avoid "entangling alliances" with the ways of the older disciplines, philosophy particularly, that have brought some confusion to psychology. He places the beginning of the scientific study of behavior a hundred years back, and includes in his survey the major facts of man's structure, his development, his past, his communities with animals and distinctiveness as man, his mechanisms and equipment for meeting his situation, and all in the light of laboratory method and field research. The book is an excellent manual, rich in data and able in interpretation.

But the peculiar satisfaction that the author finds in calling it anthroponomy, in regarding the word consciousness as the root of all evil, and finding complete salvation in that blessed word behavior, is not wholly intelligible. The objective attitude that confines attention to what human, or other organisms do, aided in its record by measurement and diagnosis, has such obvious limitations that the "behaviorist" or "anthroponomist" position is maintained more as a matter of form or verbiage than as any real distinction. Call it a "delusion" and you suggest a deluded state of consciousness and are lost; call it "delusional behavior" or an "as if" type of situation, and you are safely within the fold of behaviorism. Though Watson consigns Freud to perdition, Hunter admits his "defense mechanisms" and many of his interpretations as behavior abnormalities. He even goes so far as to explain a personal bit of amnesia as a Freudian repression, a purely subjective observation. What he ignores is the most vital consideration that so many of the important topics and interpretations that furnish material for his pages have come to light only because psychologists and psychiatrists have followed the path of conscious analysis which he repudiates. There isn't a chapter that wouldn't be meager and riddled with gaps in the presentation, if it were confined to data revealed by the strictly objective method.

Then there is the verbal juggling with verbal behavior, and the stimulus-response formula, that substitutes words for realities and smuggles in by the side-door what it ostentatiously ejects at the main entrance. In fact the anthroponomist with genuine psychological interests, such as Professor Hunter has and which gives point and substance to his books and his courses so soon as he forgets about his behaviorism, proceeds quite as does any other catholic psychologist. You could open page after page of this book without suspecting the peculiar tenets of the author, except for a trick of vocabulary, and close it with the conviction that this is a pretty good treatise in general psychology, though the author says it isn't.

There is one tell-tale sentence: "Objects to which we respond as behaviorists are neglected by others and even by ourselves when we are masquerading as laymen." As a fact the psychologist in Professor Hunter gets along well in following alike the layman's and the professional interests, whenever he forgets that he is masquerading as a behaviorist.

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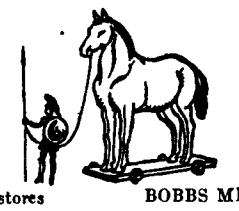

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Books of Special Interest

A Robust Tale

RYDER. By DJUNA BARNES. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

NO one need be entirely unhappy this fall with such a book as "Ryder" newly come into the world—no one, at least, with a clear head and a stout stomach. Here are nimble wit, gay humor, trenchant satire, and, above all, a grandiose imagination creating a robustious world of loose-tongued, free-living characters such as have hardly ventured on paper for a century. There are many likenesses, usually overlooked, between the present age and the Elizabethan: our enthusiasms and excitements, North Pole adventures and trans-Atlantic flights, the excessive mundanity and gusto of sheer living found especially in the younger generation—there is a distinct quality in all this that has been long lost to the world. And it is this quality that Djuna Barnes has captured in "Ryder." In her spacious pages one may forget for a time the other side—the equal reality of prudential Anti-Saloon Leaguer and Watch-and-Warder—and rejoice in a vision which is thoroughly realistic, utterly fearless, disillusionized, and yet full of the lust of life.

"Ryder" is certainly the most amazing book ever written by a woman. That much abused word "Rabelaisian," which has been misapplied to authors as widely different as Joyce, Cabell, and C. E. S. Wood, is here perfectly in place. In fact, "Ryder" is more "Rabelaisian" than Rabelais himself. There is really no need henceforward for the pornographically minded to toil painfully through Rabelais's theories of education and society in order to reach a belated salty satisfaction; the familiar red bound copies of Boccaccio, Marguerite de Navarre, and Balzac may remain unpurchased on the shelves of cheap book-stores; for in "Ryder" we have an epic of pornography to supplant them all! Pornography for its own amusing sake, exactly as it was with Aristophanes, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Jonson and the other Elizabethans. Sex activity considered as a simple excretory function along with others—which from one point of view it is—and yet burdened with incalculable consequences, man's glory and his shame, source equally of poetry, vice, and puritanic bigotry—what else more fitting for the laughter of the gods? And Djuna Barnes laughs, it seems to me, with right jovial laughter. If at length one grows weary of the single theme he has only to close the book and return on some more favorable occasion—preferably after attendance at church, a political meeting, or a tea party—when the fagged spirit, sick of empty words, seeks reunion with the comfortable body and gross things of earth.

"Ryder" in any case is not a book to be read at a single sitting. Of plot interest there is little, almost wholly comprised in a spasmodic history of the amorous adventures of the Ryder family from Jonathan Buxton to Elisha in the fourth generation, all circling, however, about Wendell Ryder, the Gil Blas of this picaresque romance. Of characters there are, indeed, many and excellent: the great Wendell himself who after three weeks as a drug-clerk vows never again to earn an honest penny and never does; his mother, Sophia Grieve Ryder, the romantic lady with her philosophy of delicate lies; his wife, Amelia, and his major mistress, Kate-Careless; Dr. Matthew O'Connor, the discoverer of the Three Great Moments of History; these and others. But these characters are not temporal people who develop and decay, but static immortals on a modern Olympus. Thus it matters little where one takes up the book or lays it down, save that some chapters, of course, are better than others. My own favorites are "Sophia and the Five Fine Chamber-pots," "Rape and Repining!" and "The Soliloquy of Dr. Matthew O'Connor (Family Physician to the Ryders) on the Way to and from the Confessional of Father Lucas." From "Rape and Repining!" a passage may be quoted as illustrative of the author's style, at least in one phase:

> What ho! Spring again! Rape again, and the Cock not yet at his Crowing! Fie, alack! 'Tis Rape, year, Rape it is, and the Hayshock left a-leaning! Ah, dilly, dilly, dilly, hath Tittencote brought forth a Girl once again, no longer what she should be, but forever and forever of Tomorrow and yet another day! . . .
>
> A Girl is gone! A Girl is lost! A simple Rustic Maiden but yesterday swung upon the Pasture Gate, with Knowledge nowhere, yet is now, to-day, no better than her Mother, and her Mother's Mother before her! Soiled! Despoiled! Handled! Mauled! Rumpled! Rummaged! Ransacked! No purer than Fish in Sea, no sweeter than Bird on Wing, no better than Beasts of Earth!

But, like Joyce, though, of course, with far less erudition, Djuna Barnes has astounding versatility of style. There are Biblical chapters, chapters of mock medieval verse, chapters of Biblical prose—all fused, however, by the author's personality, which, once more to make the inevitable comparison with Joyce, is far more unified than his and far more virile.

"A Good Hombre"

LAW AND ORDER LIMITED. The Rousing Life of Elfego Baca of New Mexico. By KYLE S. CRICHTON. Santa Fé, New Mexico Publishing Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE traveller in the far Southwest—or the far Northeast, for the matter of that—occasionally runs across a newspaper which hasn't succumbed completely to the press association or the syndicated boiler-plate which tend to make the daily journals of these United States differ from each other only in weight. He runs across a piece in which some local reporter, less rushed and more rested than usual, cuts loose and reels off a yarn with all the bounce and slangy hyperbole which he might use in pounding out a long-postponed letter to a personal friend.

Mr. Crichton's biography is like that, the particular locale and vernacular being that of the New Mexican border country where "gringo" and "greaser" meet. Its hero is the Mexican-American, Elfego Baca, known, it seems, for the past half century in the El Paso region "wherever a Colt pistol had any authority." A sort of border Robin Hood, combining the fiery and sentimental qualities of the Mexican with the Yankee's shrewdness and hardheadness, he appears to have been a "good hombre" of a remarkable sort, who had bridged the gap between the old quick-shooting Southwest and the modern days of irrigation ranches, cafeterias, and hotels with bell-boys and marble shower-baths.

He was, at various times, county clerk of Socorro county, district attorney, sheriff, school superintendent, and practising lawyer. He knew Mary Garden, Huerta, Orozco, and Pancho Villa. He edited a newspaper which was "two dollars for good citizens; five dollars a year for bootleggers; and five dollars a month to Prohibition agents." He was in favor of "light wines and beers and 110 proof whiskey." He knew Albert Fall and Senator Curtis, played the gringoes' game and not only held his own but beat them at it. A good Republican, finally, he was "a trifle overanxious at times for Law and Order, but for Law and Order, nevertheless." Hence the title to Mr. Crichton's book.

The glimpses of the late Secretary Fall are not the least interesting parts of this breezy and unconventional narrative. "My friends right or wrong; to hell with my enemies," was Fall's watchword, according to Mr. Crichton. Another of Mr. Fall's maxims was "the people paying the most taxes deserve the most consideration." When scandal broke over the Secretary of the Interior's head, Fall's friends in New Mexico looked on in astonishment. What was all the shooting for? Why shouldn't Fall give leases to Ed Doheny? Hadn't they been grub-mates when both were as poor as Mexican sheep-herders? Doheny had plenty of money—what was a hundred thousand dollars from him to help out an old friend? According to Mr. Crichton, Fall was "offered the post of Secretary of State upon the advent of President Harding." He refused it only because he had enough political sense to know the row such an appointment would make.

Hollywood, and what is known in the short-story industry as "westerns," have so cheapened and conventionalized Mr. Crichton's scene, that the reader is standoffish, perforce, and inclined to be doubtful as to where, in such a rather self-consciously "colorful" biography, fact leaves off and fiction begins. But Elfego Baca seems to be a real person, nevertheless—the book is full of photographs of him at various stages of his melodramatic career—and difficult as the author's task has been made for him by all the clichés which have gathered round this type of disappearing American, he has made him genuinely entertaining, and supplied valuable firsthand material for later historians.

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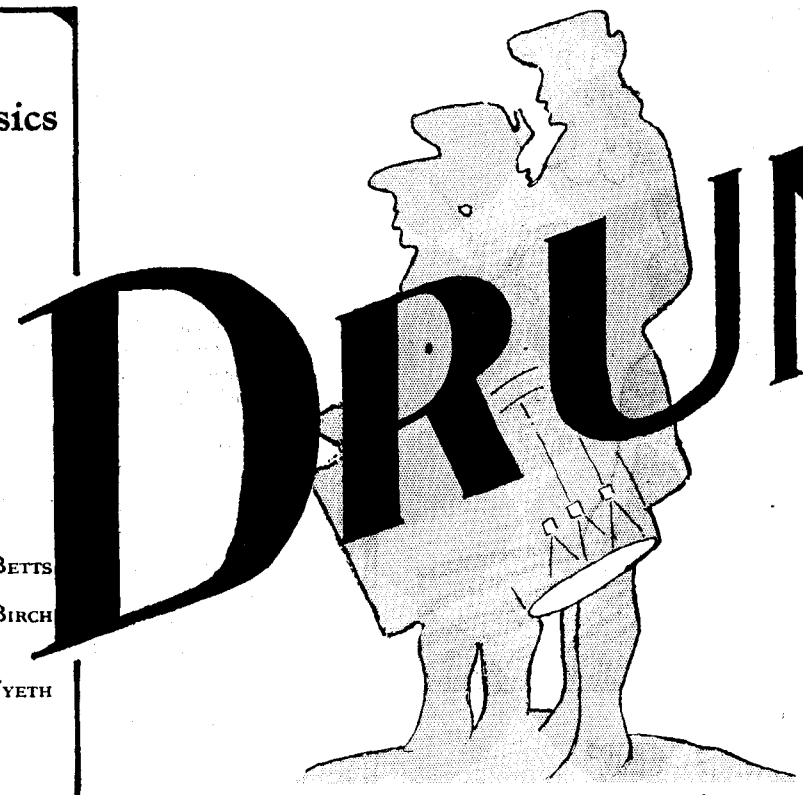

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BORZOI BOOKS

Women in Modern Dutch Novels

By Henriette Hendrix-Holst

SINCE Couperus's death it can safely be said that Holland's greatest authors are authoresses. There are some men, it is true, who are now contributing interesting publications, but for real literature, lovely language, fine psychology, we have to thank women in the first place.

It is not my object here to give a complete list of all the noteworthy books and authoresses of the last decades: any Dutch catalogue can do that better; it is my intention to convey an idea of the spirit of the recent productions of the most important woman writers of present-day Holland.

There is Annie Salomons who, when quite young, published passionate poems, which then were critized as rather shameless erotic ebullitions, but which now would be praised as genuine examples of self-expression. She ventured on the slippery path of sex before Freud had approved of and encouraged the analysis of souls on a sexual basis, she came forward from the beginning of her career with an undaunted spirit and incomparable courage, laying her soul bare for public inspection. Although she studied literature at a University in Holland, she knew how to preserve her natural flow of beautiful words, her inborn sense of expressing her thoughts and feelings in a truly artistic way.

Her first novel "The Girl Student" revealed her as a typical product of her time, the incongruous struggling creature, who has just been emancipated and not found her right place yet. It was not a remarkable book. Only after she had lived and suffered she wrote "Reminiscences of an Independent Woman," of which the title-page is the only one in the whole book that is not beautiful. It is almost an autobiography, and the question raised in it is whether woman, when she becomes the intellectual equal of man, loses her capacities for love. The heroine tells of her different love-affairs and the failure of all. She speaks of this "difficult time of transition, when woman, who has just become a personality, does not know yet what she can and must renounce and what she must keep and defend."

Though she wrote many more novels and stories, she never satisfactorily answered the question, whether an intellectual woman can become a perfect wife and mother, and when I suggested to her to write a sequel to "Reminiscences" after she had married herself, she answered me:

> I never hope to mention that painful question again. My thoughts have taken an entirely different direction now. Is woman ever the intellectual equal of man?

A very interesting event in Dutch literature was the publication of Nico van Suchtelen's book "The Serene Smile" on the same topic, treated from the man's viewpoint and coming to the same negative conclusion. It resembled Annie Salomons's masterwork so much, that people imagined she must have collaborated with Van Suchtelen, and in a preface to the tenth edition he wrote that indeed she contributed some of the letters in it, but had only agreed to allow him to reveal their secret if the book should reach a tenth edition.

The work of Ina Boudier-Bakker, novels, stories, plays, is only for the intellectual minority. Her style is fine and concise and sensitive; often she hints at things that are too subtle to be expressed in words, herein resembling many a Scandinavian writer, whose books often reveal their greatest beauties between the lines. She became famous because of her wonderful psychological understanding of children, though she has no children of her own.

Carry van Bruggen is a personality of great energy and vitality. She wrote many stories and novels, of which the subjective ones are the best. "Helen" is a wonderful psychologic study of a lonely girl falling in love with her teacher, and "Deserted," a novel of Jewish family life, gives the pathetic story of an orthodox father, seeing his children leave him one by one, losing their faith and becoming liberals. But she herself thinks more of her philosophic works and her lectures on philosophy, which betray a rare—and I should say manly—genius for concentration and penetration.

The most beloved woman writer of Holland is probably Top Naeff, who began to scribble down stories in her copybooks at school—and she never changed to manuscript paper, typewriters, or secretaries—and was famous at twenty, when she had published a delightful book "School Idylls" and had already seen her first play acted "The Fatal Blow," a serious and sad drama about disillusion in marriage. Alternately she wrote humorous stories, pessimistic novels, and morbid plays. She has a charming style in everything, great sense of humor, fine subtleness of thought and feeling. Her most important novel is "At the Gate," describing a girl of good family in love with a married man, a clever example of psycho-analysis. It has been compared with Couperus's best work because it has similar descriptions of family life and an equally superb though somewhat super-refined style.

In her last book, "Letje, or the Way to Happiness," Top Naeff has given a complete epic of a Dutch woman's life, ridiculing it in such an inscrutable way that the uninitiated will take it seriously and call it a charming story, in which the poetry of childhood is exchanged for the poetry of wife-hood and motherhood, in which the crown of glory comes at the silver wedding, celebrated in Paris amidst all the luxuries that the gay city can offer. But it is a satire, a tragedy of a young soul, strangled by rules and regulations, ruined by conventions and conventionalities.

The conflict of generations is the subject of the most remarkable novel of to-day by Jo van Ammers-Küller. She had written several novels, stories, and plays already before 1922, when she suddenly became famous by an interesting story on stage-life, "The House of Joy." In this work it is not so much the literary merit that attracts attention, as the abundance of ideas, the ingenious description of events and conditions. The daughter of an aristocratic but impoverished family shows histrionic talent, and the complications arising from her desire to join a theatrical company, the quarrels with her titled fiancé, the establishment of an ideal new company of actors, and its failure through pettiness and jealousy form the material for this absorbingly interesting novel. But a far more important work is "The Rebel Generation," for the scheme of which her publisher paid Mrs. van Ammers more than had ever been given to an author in Holland.

It is in three parts, covering three periods —like "Milestones"—and the principal subject is woman's emancipation. We meet the Coornvelt family in Leiden first in 1840, the father absolute monarch in his house, the mother weak and feeble at the age of forty-eight, the daughters and a niece from Paris devoting their time to the household duties. The niece is not satisfied, she can do better things, and is longing to earn her own living. When her cousin David, the jolly law-student, who has fallen in love with her, has to promise his father never to marry her, she secretly leaves the house, a disappointed woman, vowing to give her life to free her sisters from the tyranny of men. She appears again in the second part of the book, in 1872, and she is then a leader in the cause of woman's emancipation; we read about the conflicts of the younger Coornvelt girls with their parents and of her aid to them in fighting for admission to the universities. In the last part of the book one of these girls, now a famous physician, is just retiring from the hospital where she has worked for thirty-five years, without seeing much of the outside world. "I wonder what you will think of the present generation," a doctor says, and when she answers that she has always sided with the young people and always fought with them against convention and conservatism, he laughs ironically: "The present generation no longer fights, and the worst of it is that they have forgotten that you and your contemporaries did fight with blood and tears for the freedom they are now enjoying. You have no idea what a strange and foolish farce Life has become."

Mrs. van Ammers no more than Annie Salomons has found a solution as to the ideal place for woman in modern society. But "The Rebel Generation" ends with a love-scene, full of charm and full of hope, and it is obvious that the writer herewith asserts that after all love is the only thing that counts, and that love will always remain the guiding star in a woman's life.

A new book by Mrs. van Ammers is due to appear in Holland this fall, called "Tantalus."

With the exception of "The House of Joy," published by A. M. Philpot Ltd. London, and "The Rebel Generation," published by J. M. Dent, London, and E. P. Dutton, New York, none of the above-mentioned books has been translated into English. They are obtainable in the original from D. J. van Riemsdyck, 520 Isham Street, West, New York City, or from any bookseller in Holland.

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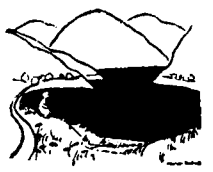

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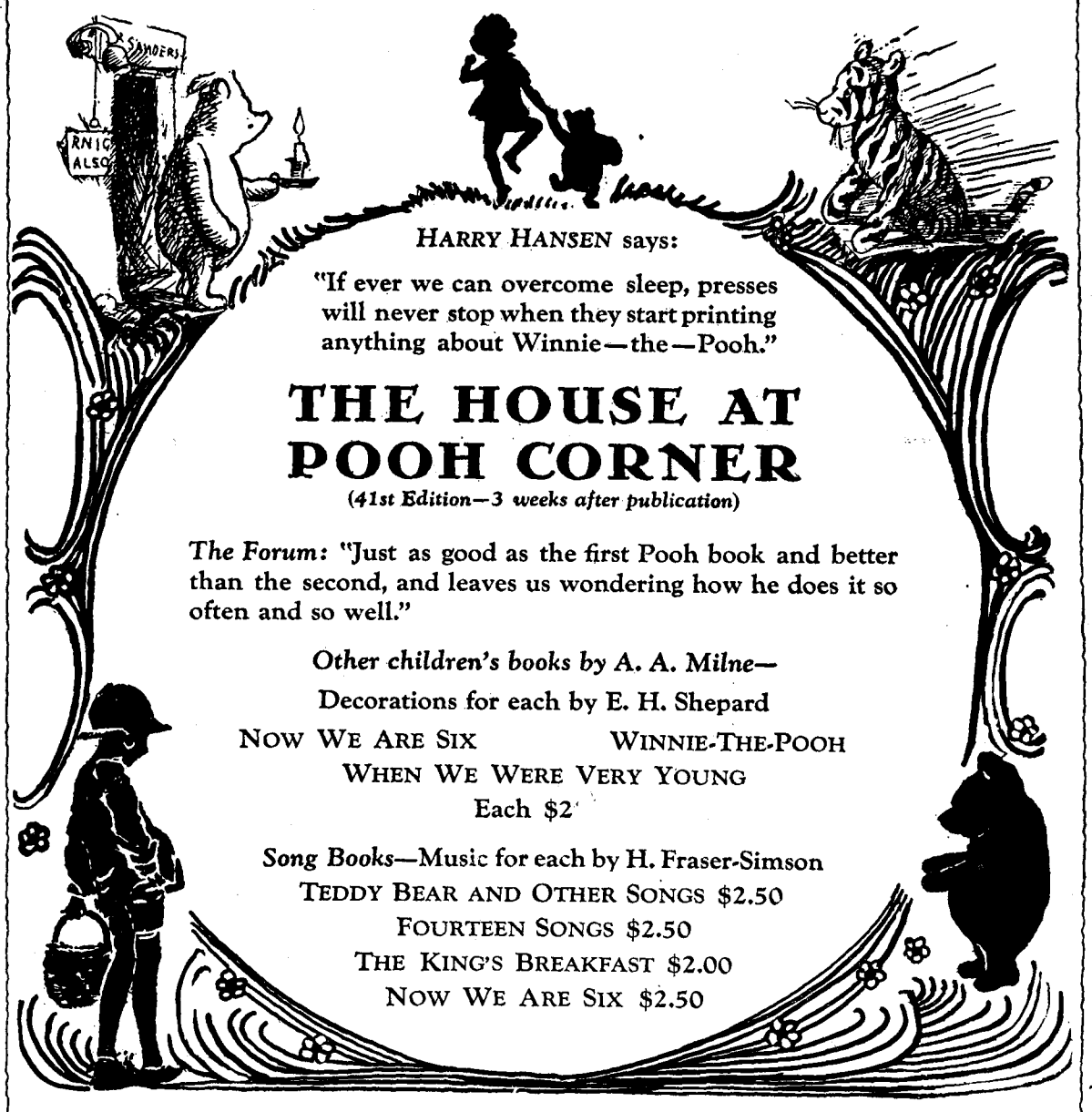

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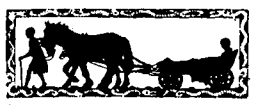

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

BIG FROGS. By HENRY F. PRINGLE. Portraits by BRY. New York: Macy-Masius. 1928. $3.

These reprinted magazine studies of fourteen living Americans have a number of obvious merits. They are interestingly written, with plenty of anecdote and brisk quotation, they are shrewd without being really cynical; they are fair, and they contain more than enough information to make them seem competent. Mr. Pringle likes variety, and the list of names is sufficiently heterogenous to save the book from monotony. Jimmy Walker jostles Herbert Hoover, Ivy Lee is cheek by jowl with Dr. Cadman and Bernarr Macfadden, Samuel Untermyer glares at Frank Hedley, and in a group we meet those three very different New Yorkers, Senator Wagner, young Colonel Roosevelt, and John S. Sumner. The author's journalistic training has stood him in good stead, for he knows what is immediately and directly significant in any public figure, and how to convey this significance—sometimes with a touch of exaggeration—to the ordinary reader.

Along with these virtues, the deficiencies of the volume are no less evident. None of the author's information is really expert, first-hand, or recondite, and none of the interpretations is a kind which places the subject in a new light. The materials are for the most part such as might be found in any extensive newspaper morgue or clipping bureau, supplemented by facts and stories current in more or less initiated circles. If Mr. Pringle personally knew Mr. Hoover or Bernarr Macfadden or Secretary Wilbur, his gifts would enable him to do a great deal more in conveying the authentic flavor of their personalities. As it is, one may learn from this volume a good many curious episodes and more or less important facts. If he does not happen to know it already, he will find out how T. R. jr. behaved on his campaign tours against Gov. Smith; just what mark his service in the New York Assembly left on Mayor Walker; how Samuel Untermyer competed with J. P. Morgan in showing prize collie dogs; and the circumstances of Dr. Cadman's service in Texas as a chaplain. But he will not get that special insight into character which comes from prolonged and really intimate study, or the lightning-shafts with which Mr. Guedalla, for example, sometimes lights up the career of contemporaneous figures.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By CHARLES J. FINGER. Doubleday, Page. 1927.

There have been a number of biographies of David Livingstone written by men qualified in one way or another for the work, but none of the authors has possessed a greater sum of qualifications than Mr. Charles J. Finger. First and foremost he writes delightfully; then, too, he is not only in full sympathy with his subject, but his own adventurous life has well fitted him to appreciate the dering do of the great missionary explorer.

The most serious criticism of Mr. Finger's biography is that he is prone to commit the very fault from which Dr. Livingstone was so free, for Mr. Finger is often ready to "point a moral, and adorn a tale" with a brief sermonizing upon some trait of the Doctor's. It must be confessed that there is more than a trace of "goody-goodyism" in his handling of these situations. After all, where David Livingstone is concerned there are few people whose actions and thoughts so distinctly stand by themselves and are so wholly self-sufficient in indicating motives. No one in reading the unvarnished account of the Missionary Explorer can fail thoroughly to appreciate his upright character and his entire singleness of purpose.

Mr. Finger is evidently unacquainted with one of the most delightful contemporary accounts of Livingstone, that of W. Cotton Oswell, who was his companion on many expeditions. And he apparently shares Livingstone's lack of knowledge with respect to hunting, and is inclined to enlarge upon Livingstone's feeling regarding big game shooting. Mr. Finger will find a most appreciative and altogether delightful picture of David Livingstone in Oswell's narrative, published in the Badminton Library volume on big game shooting in 1894.

THOMAS CONDON, PIONEER GEOLOGIST OF OREGON. By ELLEN CONDON MCCORNACK. Eugene, Oregon: University of Oregon Press. 1928. $2.50.

This account of the life and work of Thomas Condon, the pioneer geologist of Oregon, by his daughter, Ellen Condon McCornack, should be a most welcome addition to the long list of Oregana, for it is more than a mere narrative of the activities of one man, as busy as he may have been. It will prove to be one of the important documents in the archives of Oregon history. The author was intimately associated with her father in his work and is one of the important living links with the early history of the Oregon country. As a member of the first graduating class of the University of Oregon, in her own lifetime she takes us back to the very beginning of higher education in the state of Oregon. In the story of her father's life she has thrown strong sidelights upon several phases of Oregon history emphasizing, of course, the pioneer scientific work in this country and the achievements of a generation and of a type of worker often ignored by the historian.

Dr. Condon probably knew nothing about, or cared little for, the cheap tricks of the pedagogue, for he was a teacher, and between the two there is a wide gulf. He possessed three absolutely essential qualifications for the great teacher: first, he knew his subject; second, he was brimming over with enthusiasm; and third, and most important of all, he had a reverent personality. Every chapter of this book about him is surcharged with information and human interest. No one who wishes to be well-informed regarding the physical and mental and spiritual life of the Oregon country can afford to neglect the reading of it.

(*Continued on page 384*)

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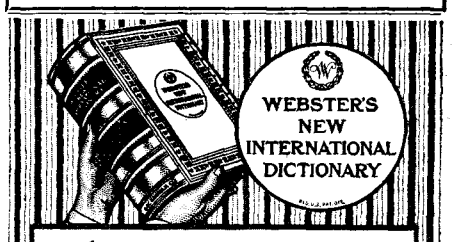

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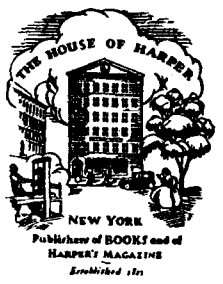

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Preface by Aldous Huxley

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Points of View

Samoan Youth

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have been reading a psychological study of primitive youth, entitled "Coming of Age in Samoa." It is an interesting book, and it is a thoughtful book. Furthermore, it is a thought-provoking book, and it set me thinking. Hence this letter.

The Samoan life is presented in a most vivid and entertaining fashion, particularly the life of the young people. They are pictured as living a simple, primitive, carefree existence, in a country where everything is a matter-of-course, and very little a matter of choice; a country where there is no special pressure, either physical, mental or spiritual. There they are, leading the simple, out-door life of savages, a life that is almost wholly physical, and only a grade above that of the lower animals; taking the animal's view of life, in which the fundamental facts of existence are "all familiar occurrences;" doing the hard, practical work of existence from the time they are four or five years of age. Theirs is a life in which adolescent girls "worked hard, doing the full quota of work for an adult. All day they fished, washed, worked on the plantation, wove mats and blinds." The only furniture in their homes was the floor, and the floor was only coral rubble. Such was their life—that of the simple savage.

At the conclusion of this long, careful and systematic survey of the Samoans, the question is raised: "Is adolescence invariably a period of mental and emotional distress?" And the book answers the question in the negative, the author having found it not so among the Samoans. "Adolescence is not necessarily a time of strain and stress, but cultural conditions make it so," is her conclusion. The difference is attributed by her to the difference of social environment.

The author lists the factors that make the difference of social environment, namely: (1) the organization of the family, (2) the attitude toward sex, and (3) the general educational concept, "which disapproves of precocity, and coddles the slow, the laggard, and the inept." But the question arises in my mind whether the above factors are as important as the Samoans' simple, savage lives of incessant, healthy, daily toil. The book shows that the Samoans are far closer to the lower animals than are we, for isn't it a fact that the lower a people are in savagery the more nearly will their lives approximate to those of the lower animals? Isn't it a fact that among the lower animals we necessarily find "a general casualness of society, an almost complete lack of deep feeling?" Among the lower animals "no bewildering complexity of choices faces the young person, for life is very simple." And among the lower animals there is "a lack of pressure to make important choices." All of the above features are special characteristics of Samoan society—according to Miss Mead's study. The essential savagery of the Samoans is brought out by the readiness of the children to take hold of those activities that make existence possible. So after all, her study of the Samoans only reaffirms what has been said many times before by other philosophers, that man in a state of savagery avoids most of the trials, perplexities, and complications that bewilder and harass him in a highly organized society.

Rousseau was right in much of what he said of his simple savage. Neuroses are the price we pay for our civilization.

I agree that the simplicity of life, on which so much stress is laid in the book, may have much to do with absence of neuroses among them, but where the study falls short is that it totally fails to stress the part played by hard, productive, physical toil.

My idea seems to be that in any community, even among civilized people, where healthy, productive toil is a daily part of life, shared by all, it is possible that (there too) the young people may not find adolescence "a period of mental and emotional distress." To test the idea, it would of course be necessary to study such communities. Now, Italian communities are noted for women specially robust—women whom childbirth inconveniences no more than it does the Samoans. And their children are brought up to help in the home. So the first community to study would be one in rural Italy.

The Russian peasants are a simple people, where all have their work. For instance, the manual labor on Russian railways is done by gangs of young women as regards keeping up the track. So the next community to study would be one in rural Russia.

The Irish peasantry are noted for their strong, healthy women. Among the peat-cutters of Ireland the women work side by side with the men, and are just as strong. So the third community to study would be one among the peat-cutters of Ireland.

And after that, if one were to study some section of North Carolina—not the hill-billies, but some cotton-mill section, where the young folks get a minimum of schooling, and know only two religious denominations (Methodist and Baptist); where they help with the home-work, and toil in the cotton-mills regardless of child-labor agitation, it is quite possible that one would find an absence of neuroses among adolescent girls.

I throw out this suggestion that in any community where the girls do hard, healthy, manual labor—whether their morals be good or bad, there will probably be found an absence of neuroses among adolescent girls. But a long series of special studies would have to be made.

And if in all of those European and American communities where the adolescent girls do hard, healthy productive work, where society is simple, and the social environment is practically that of the Samoans, one still found the adolescent period to be one of storm and stress, full of disturbances, and not at all the simple affair it is among the Samoans, it would prove that it is difference of race after all, and not difference of social environment that counts.

Which calls to my mind the entertainment with which I read the author's description of the American girl. I was specially struck by the account, for it is tinged so strongly with the color of the author's own special environment, that you know at once she is a New Yorker. When she speaks of "our young people," she has in mind the young people of New York City. Her typical American girl is in reality a New York girl, where the two principal Protestant sects are Presbyterian and Episcopalian. Her American girl has a strict Presbyterian father, a haughty Episcopalian grandfather, an agnostic aunt, a mystic elder brother, an engineer uncle full of dyed-in-the-wood materialism, and a quietistic mother studying Hindu philosophy.

Now, on analysis it appears that the activities of all of these relations are mainly mental, as listed by Miss Mead; none of them earn their living by the sweat of their brow. None of them belong to the *hoi polloi*—or the subway rush. What a contrast they offer to the relations of the Samoan girl!—as set forth in the book. Her father is a fisherman; her uncle hunts cocoanut crabs; one grandmother is an expert nurse; another grandmother weaves fans. Their activities are mainly manual. While requiring intelligence, their work is done with their hands. And the girl herself is a worker, as is shown in the description of three girls who "worked hard, doing the full quota of work for an adult. All day they fished, washed, worked on the plantation, wove mats and blinds." The Samoans are working with might and main to provide the necessities of life. The New Yorkers, mentioned in the book as studying Hindu philosophy and so forth, are merely amusing themselves with the dilletante activities of people trying to find a way to pass the time. Obviously, the New Yorkers all belong to the wealthy or well-to-do class—not at all the class of people described in Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl." Certain it is that the New York girl, high or low, rich or poor, rarely has to work like a scrub-woman. And as Satan invariably finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, many observers have found her up to sufficient mischief.

Now, to get back to Miss Mead's book, I consider that she has done wonderfully well. Her book is an honest, straightforward account of the social environment in Samoa, although it lays too much stress—too much dragged-out, gloating emphasis—on their sexual immorality. But very unfortunately it does suggest in one or two places that it might be wise to adopt some of their bad habits, and it does not suggest that it might be wiser to adopt the Samoan habit of hard, productive toil as illustrated in the life of adolescent girls who "worked hard, doing the full quota of work for an adult. All day they fished, washed, worked on the plantation, wove mats and blinds."

I honestly believe that the book would be more valuable as the "psychological study" it purports to be, if it had stressed Samoan habits of hard work rather than Samoan bad morals.

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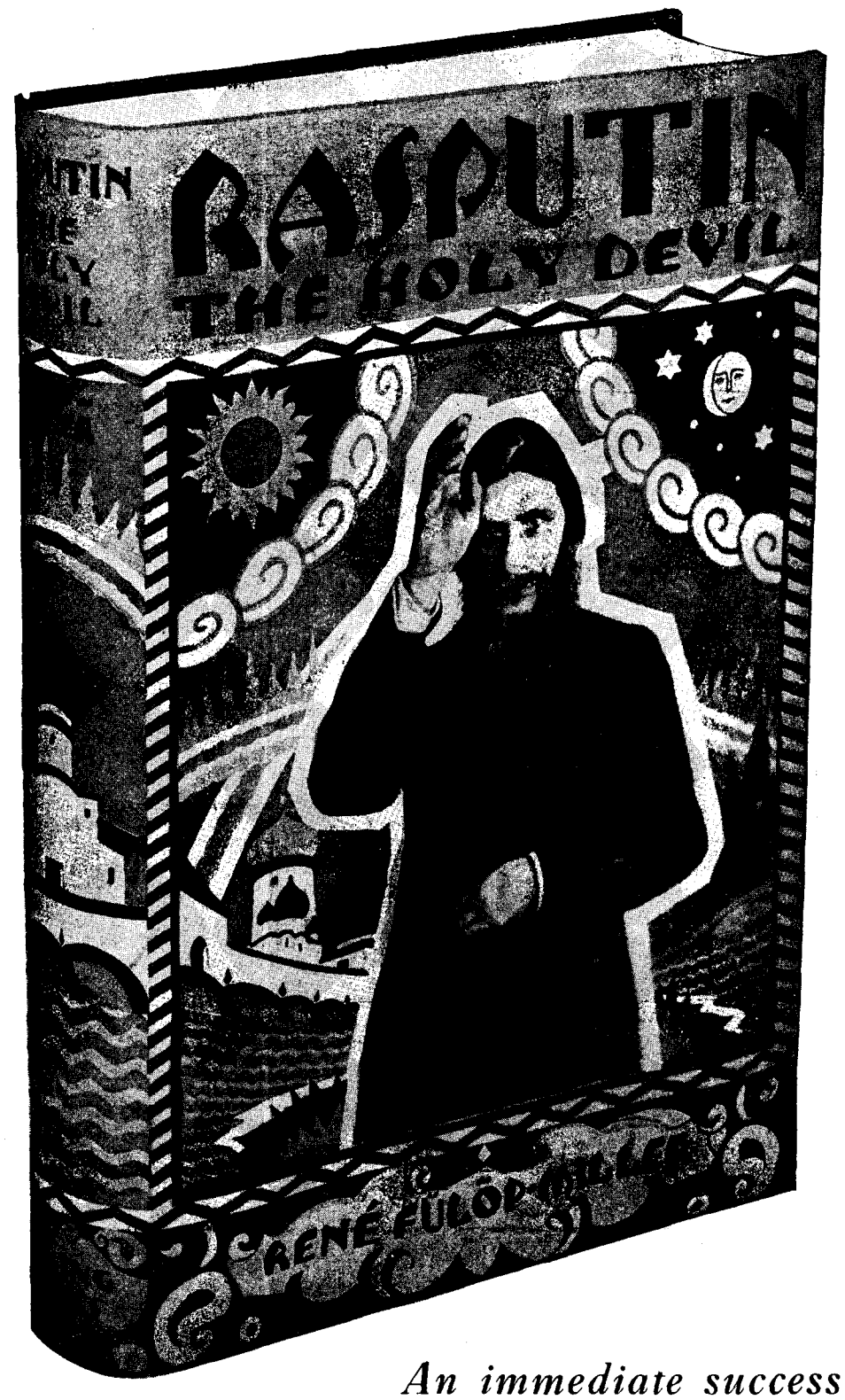

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RASPUTIN : The Holy Devil

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from page 380*)

MY STUDIO WINDOW. By MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS. Dutton. 1928. $5.

Mrs. Andrews gazes with the eye of the mind as well as the physical eye upon the procession of notabilities who pass through her pages, for among those who go by in review under her studio window are some of the great dead before she was born. Her book is a lively chronicle, never very searching, always animated, that flits from one figure to another, stops now to discourse on hats and again to recount the satisfactions of good descent, passes kindly judgment on most, and revealing light on a few, of the figures that have made Washington society, and is consistently good-humored and generally self-satisfied.

An F.F.V. herself, Mrs. Andrews, as the wife of an artist of high standing and herself a miniaturist of no mean ability, came in contact during the years of a happy marriage with the distinguished in various walks of life. Presidents, First Ladies of the Land, cabinet ministers, diplomats, and resident Washingtonians whose lives were laid in political circles, came within her orbit, and of them she speaks as one might gossip of and with friends in the easy informality of a fireside talk. Her narrative marches rapidly, taking incidents, personalities, historic happenings, public celebrations, hats (Mrs. Andrews seems to have a special attachment to millinery), luncheons, teas in its generous stride. It is all very pleasant and all very unimportant. The book is charmingly illustrated with silhouettes.

JOSEPH WARREN FORDNEY. By *John Andrew Russell*. Stratford. $3.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER. By *Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MONTAIGNE GRAVE AND GAY. By *André Lamandé*. Holt. $3.

THE HEART OF BURROUGHS'S JOURNALS. Edited by *Clara Barrus*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

OLD BUDDHA. By *Princess der Ling*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Fiction

RACE, a Novel of Marriage. By MARY GRACE ASHTON. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

The title of the new English novel, "Race," is perforce inadequate to indicate the problem that it raises—that of the marriage of a Jew to a Catholic girl. For the conflict of forces in such a case is between religion and religion plus race. Thus the situation differs sharply from that arising when a Protestant marries a Catholic. It is a situation that in fiction is often handled with the gloves on. Not so here. Though the author is concerned to do the utmost justice to the wealthy, complacent, urbane London Jews of the Shenstein's circle, the very telling of Ivan's and Anne's story inevitably brings out, in such of its members as old Solomon Shenstein and Mrs. Weinher and Monty, many of their less admirable racial traits. On these the light is thrown unsparingly. The result is a group of portraits, and an analysis of family relationships, that in clarity and delicate irony is hardly surpassed by anything of G. B. Stern's.

Ivan's problem is this: His mother had been a Catholic, who forsook her religion

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for the sake of peace with the Jew whom she married to escape poverty. (And the characterization of Mrs. Shenstein is, by the way, one of the most satisfying in the book.) Ivan has been brought up by his mother to love beauty and leisure, and himself has learned to despise his father. The latter is determined that his son shall marry his cousin Sadie to keep the tribe intact and to carry on the tradition. But Ivan falls in love with Sadie's friend, Anne, a devout Catholic. Her religion to him seems unimportant; it can be hidden or disguised. But to Anne her religion is the most important thing in life, to be worn openly and proudly. She realizes that they simply do not speak the same language, for all their love of each other.

As they arrive at this *impasse*, Ivan's mother dies, leaving to him a diary that reveals her own torment through the years since her marriage. She has loved Anne, and hopes for their marriage, if it can be effected with no such terrible sacrifice of spiritual peace on Anne's part as on hers many years ago. This revelation from the mother he has so adored starts the change in Ivan's character that enables him, at last, to conquer his selfish indolence, strike out for himself, and win Anne.

But we feel that their story is not yet all told. Its ending seems but a beginning. How will this mating of indifferentist and pietist succeed? True, Ivan's mixed blood disinclines him to the ancient tribal tradition; he has never been orthodox. But is this negative quality in him enough to immunize him to the inevitable consequences of living with a devout Catholic and seeing his children brought up Catholics? It is to be doubted.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY. By J. D. BERESFORD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Mr. Beresford made a mistake when he wrote this detective story. The esteemed English novelist here placed himself (temporarily, we hope) about eighteen rungs below his accustomed position on the literary ladder. "The Instrument of Destiny" is not the equal of the average detective novel in conception or in development. The necessary murder comes wearily late in the plot, and its solution is as laborious as it is unsatisfactory. There is considerable doubt whether either Mr. Beresford's friends or the discriminating followers of detective fiction will find any pleasure in these pages.

BLADES. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

This novel will irritate many readers by its superior attitude and stupid moralizing. Mr. McCutcheon seems to believe that he can find zealots to shudder with him at the wickedness of the city and gloat with him over the beautiful serenities of a primitive, Puritan civilization. He describes the conversion of a young man from a life of urban sin. The method of this conversion is quaint, consisting of exposure to a kind of second cousin to the Brook Farm experiment. Although Mr. McCutcheon has been ingenious in describing the operations of this colony, mere ingenuity is not enough to make the situation credible. The characters are stiff and the action is often silly. Altogether, "Blades" does not command serious attention.

MIRROR OF DREAMS. By "GANPAT." Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This tale of Oriental mystery receives its original impetus from a strange mirror, found in Central Asia by the hero. This mirror has a quality not often found in mirrors. If the gazer is of the elect he may see into the future. Tom Carruthers gazed into the mirror and saw therein visions which disturbed him. Hence he needs must hie himself into the wilds of Asia. The party finds its way to the stronghold of the apostles of Super-Theosophy. There they find, to their astonishment, but not the reader's, a white girl held prisoner. The reader may guess the rest. However, the events which lead to her rescue are slightly more improbable than those found in most mystery books.

The first few chapters of the novel promised much. The author in those chapters seemed to have his sense of humor actively at work. A deft ironic touch here and there seemed to indicate that he was ridiculing the convention in which he was working. But, alas, he is soon carried away by situations of his own invention and he finishes by writing a stereotyped mystery story.

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE. By MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

In the recent world of fiction, the Other Man and the Other Woman have lost considerable of their prestige as the *ne plus ultra* of matrimonial disturbers. Poverty, relatives, business, and art may be less romantic as marital hazards, but they furnish a wealth of possibilities for the realistic novelist who finds that the daily grind is more attractive than the occasional flight. Margaret Weymouth Jackson makes use of most of these hazards in her contra-maximistic "Beggars Can Choose." A young heiress, in the face of family disapproval, marries the son of her father's former gardiner. Most of the commonplace vicissitudes of life are visited upon them, and eventually both come to realize that each is keeping the other from dear desires. They quarrel and they hate spasmodically under the irritation and frustration of their poverty inflicted limitations, but they love steadily in spite of this. Money comes and threatens to sweep from them their ability to "choose," which as beggars they had valiantly maintained. Money goes and with it their danger of ceasing to be free agents. The scene of the novel is Chicago, and Mrs. Jackson takes advantage of her material, including in her book everything from the old guard social set to the not totally unheard of Chicago gangster at his task.

FALL FLIGHT. By ELEANOR GIZYCKA. Minton, Balch. 1928. $2.

Eleanor Gizycka's first novel, "Glass Houses," enjoyed that large measure of popularity granted to books that tell, or gain a reputation for telling, some sort of "inside story" of society. In the case of "Glass Houses," the beau monde of Washington's diplomatic circles was revealed with sufficient intimacy to interest those within and intrigue those outside the pale. "Fall Flight," the second novel by the Countess Gizycka, will depend more upon its intrinsic qualities for its success, although from the present sale it is evident that any novel following "Glass Houses" was sure of an extensive hearing.

"Fall Flight" tells the story of an international marriage; it also tells a moving story of one young American girl's lack of education for life; but primarily it is a study of character. This same young American, Daisy Shawn, is the figure by which the novel must stand or fall, for, realistic as the book is in presentation, it remains, aside from Daisy, fairly artificial both as to character and action. One can easily guess in advance what Daisy's mother or stepfather or husband will do in foreshadowed circumstances, but Daisy remains to the end capable of the unexpected. Where the other people in the book succeed only in being types—types, however, very fully and recognizably delineated—Daisy stands out as an individual. At the close of "Fall Flight," after her Russian marriage, Daisy is on her way to America again, having fled the arrogance and debauchery of her princely husband, fleeing her own dips into unclean waters. Here the novel ends, and one wishes it might begin again. What sort of Daisy will this be, taking up life anew in the land of her birth? It is only now that she emerges from a chrysalis of outside influences, only now that she will try life on her own terms. Perhaps the author, too, will feel that Daisy cannot be left on her fall flight and another novel will take up her story after the flight is over.

THE MOUNTAINY SINGER. By HARRY HARRISON KROLL. Morrow. 1928. $2.

The Tennessee mountains, the mountain folk, and the Tennessee dialect form the warp and woof of Harry Harrison Kroll's "The Mountainy Singer." There is a vibrant spontaneity in the simple telling of the routine life of these mountaineers that has something akin to folk lore in it, but when Mr. Kroll elaborates into individual characters the spell is at once broken. The gentle, idealistic Danny, and the affirmative dynamic Shoon have been met too often in books and too seldom in life to measure up to the reality of "The Mountainy Singer's" background. The plot, too, is labored; but the hills and valleys and scents and sounds of Tennessee lurk in the pages, for the most part elbowing the artificialities aside.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME. By *M. P. Shiel*. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHED. By *Gerald Fairlie*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PILGRIMS OF ADVERSITY. By *William McFee*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE SILVER THORN. By *Hugh Walpole*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

PREVAILING WINDS. By *Margaret Ayer Barnes*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A BROOD OF DUCKLINGS. By *Frank Swinnerton*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

THE HOUNDS OF GOD. By *Rafael Sabatini*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

SURVIVAL. By *Evelyn Campbell*. Dial. $2.

THE WHITE CROW. By *Philip MacDonald*. Dial. $2.

UNDERGROUND. By *Jefferson Farjeon*. Dial.

THE WRIST MARK. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Knopf. $2.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE. By *M. A. Aldanov*. Knopf.

IDA BRANDT. By *Herman Bang*. Knopf. $2.50.

TREASURE ISLAND. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Sears.

AGAINST THE SUN. By *Godfrey Elton*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

TIGER CLAWS. By *Frank L. Packard*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

ROCKBOUND. By *Frank Parker Day*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

WAY FOR A SAILOR. By *Albert Richard Wetson*. Century. $2.50.

TWO GENTLEMEN AND A LADY. By *Alexander Woollcott*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

ANTIQUARCANIA. Edited by *Kennet L. Roberts*. Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

SWAG. By *Charles Francis Coe*. Putnams. $2.

THE GATE MARKED PRIVATE. By *Ethel M. Dell*. Putnam. $2.

PENNAGAN PLACE. By *Eleanor Chase*. Sears. $2.50.

FIRE DOWN BELOW. By *Margaret Irwin*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE CROUCHING BEAST. By *Valentine Williams*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

HEDYLUS. By *H. D.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE REA BRANCH. By *Charles McMorris Purdy*. McBride. $2 net.

WILD HORSE MESA. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $2.

SENTRY. By *Heyward Emerson Canney*. Harpers.

CHERIQUE. By *Mary F. Wickham Porcher*. Appleton. $1.75.

JUDGMENT DAY. By *Norman Davey*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Vols. VII, VIII, IX. The Line of Love. The High Place. Gallantry. McBride.

LEAN TWILIGHT. By *Edward Sherton*. Scribners. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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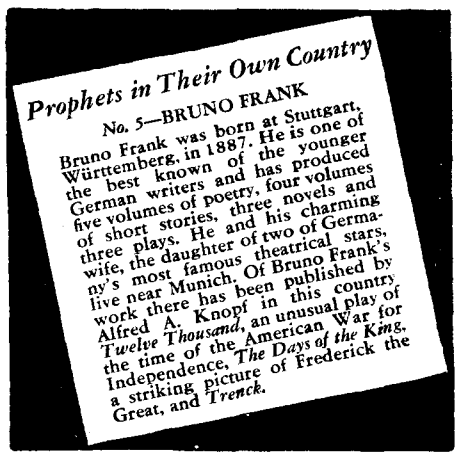
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Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

DRUMS. By JAMES BOYD. Pictures by N. C. WYETH. Scribner's. 1928. $2.50.

Scribner's series of illustrated classics for younger readers includes many famous titles, and their greatest illustrator is Wyeth. The latest addition of a contemporary novel, "Drums," to a series so eminent is a high distinction for a writer of our day. But Boyd's historical novel of the American revolution is authentic and distinguished, as adult readers have ere this been able to determine. And again Mr. Wyeth has beautifully and stirringly interpreted a fine text. So forthright and exciting a narrative as this should be read eagerly by children fond of books. It is a book rich enough in atmosphere and characterization to enable a child to "lose himself" in it, and no greater pleasure exists in childhood.

CONSTRUCTIVE SPELLING. By CORNELIA R. TROWBRIDGE. Macmillan. 1928.

One can certainly become absorbed without any effort in Cornelia Trowbridge's "Constructive Spelling." It is not only a comprehensive and careful work, full of information and suggestion, but so arranged that it is also very interesting reading. Almost unconsciously one absorbs rules (though one is never unconscious of the exceptions!) and the list of test words at the end is as much fun as a cross-word puzzle. The patient and meditative student could work by himself successfully with such a book, but as most high school students are not, by nature, patient and meditative, it will find its best use in the hands of the teacher. As a friendly, capable, and sympathetic assistant it should prove indispensable in every high school.

PLEASANT PATHWAYS. By WILHEMINA HARPER and AYMER JAY HAMILTON. Macmillan. 1928.

These "Pleasant Pathways" are too long. First and second grade children (this book will probably serve for second) get tired reading one book, and teachers like to change often. There is a thrill and quickened interest in beginning a new book.

The stories are in the main good, but we find a tendency in some toward repetition which is always tiresome and unnecessary. "Topsy had nothing to do and he was bored. Yes, Topsy was very bored indeed."

On the whole, however, this is a very good and unusual collection of stories, and teachers will like to use it for the school. But they will wish that two books had been made of it instead of one, with appropriate groupings of the stories.

Maud and Miska Petersham always give us delightful pictures, but here their children are better than their animals, which seems an unfair discrimination!

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ANNE SHAW. By *Augusta Huiell Seaman*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.75 net.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN. By *George Macdonald*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE BOY WHO FOUND OUT. By *Mary Hazelton Wade*. Appleton. $1.75.

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE. By *Clara E. Laughlin*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE SANTA CLAUS BROWNIES. By *Ethel Culveret Phillips*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

THE CRESTED SEAS. By *Arthur Hunt Chute*. Sears. $1.75.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY CAT, THE SAILOR. By *Lillian E. Young*. Sears. $2.50.

CRUSADERS' GOLD. By *Anne D. Kyle*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

ADVENTUURES IN AFGHANISTAN FOR BOYS. By *Lowell Thomas*. Century. $2.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By *Dallas Lore Sharp*. Century. $2.

THE STAR OF UMBRIA. By *DeLancey Howe*. Cambridge, Mass.: Fleet. $1.50.

THE RISE OF THE RED ALDERS. By *Lou Rogers*. Harpers. $2.50.

RED PLUME. By *Edward H. Williams*. Harpers. $1.75.

WHEN JESUS WAS BORN. By *Walter Russell Bowie*. Harpers. 75 cents.

THE KING OF THE AIR. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Lippincott. $1.75.

MOTHER GOOSE MOVING PICTURES. Putnams. $2.50.

MOTHER GOOSE PLAY PICTURES. Putnams. $2.

SANTA CLAUS PLAY PICTURES. Putnams. $2.

MOTHER GOOSE PLAY PICTURES. Putnams. $2.

THE BASTABLE CHILDREN. By *E. Nesbit*. Coward-McCann. $3.

CALEB AND THE FRIENDLY ANIMALS. Duffield. $2.

CLEARING WEATHER. By *Cornelia Meigs*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PEACE CRUSADERS. Compiled by *Anna Bassett Griscom*. Lippincott. $1.50.

BLOWING WEATHER. By *John T. McIntyre*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Stokes. $2.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By *Jonathan Swift*. Stokes. $2.50.

COME CHRISTMAS. By *Eleanor Farjeon*. Stokes. $1.75.

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SPARROW HOUSE. By *N. G. Grishina*. Stokes. $2.

OUR CAT. By *Oliver Hill*. Stokes. $1.50.

MY STARS. By *Walter Rose*. Stokes. $1.50.

ROLLER BEARS. By *Edith Fox*. Macmillan. 96 cents.

THE SPLENDID BUCCANEER. By *Rupert Sargent Holland*. Lippincott. $2.

ALL ABOUT ME. By *John Drinkwater*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE BOY SCOUTS' YEAR BOOK. Edited by *Franklin K. Mathiews*. Appleton. $2.50 net.

THE PONTY TREE. By *Charlotte Brate*. Stokes.

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A LITTLE GIRL OF NINETEEN HUNDRED. By *Lois Lenski*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF ELECTRICITY. By *Bertha Morris Parker*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

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Miscellaneous

FAMILY LIFE TODAY. Edited by *Margaret E. Rich*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

ISRAEL AFTER THE EXILE. By *W. F. Lofthouse*. Oxford. $1.50.

LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By *Harry Elmer Barnes*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

BANKING STANDARDS UNDER THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. Shaw.

THE AMERICAN WAY TO PROSPERITY. By *Gifford K. Simonds* and *John G. Thompson*. Shaw.

CAPITAL STOCK WITHOUT PAR VALUE. By *John R. Wildman*. Shaw.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By *Rear-Admiral Thomas P. Macgruder*. Dorrance. $2.50.

PASSION, MURDER AND MYSTERY. By *Bruce Graeme*. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

PROHIBITION LEGAL AND ILLEGAL. By *Howard Lee McBain*. Macmillan. $2.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY. By *Owen Wheeler*. Pitman. $3.75.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A BUSINESS. By *Arthur G. Willis*. Pitman. $2.

THE CELLULOSE LAQUERS. By *Stanley Smith*. Pitman. $2.25.

ACROBATICS. By *Major Oliver Stewart*. Pitman. $1.50.

DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S CURRENCIES AND FOREIGN EXCHANGES. By *William F. Spalding*. Pitman. $8.50.

DICTIONARY OF BANKING TERMS IN THREE LANGUAGES. By *B. L. Herendi*. Pitman. $6.

CHINESE RUGS. By *Gordon B. Leitch*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

THE CLIPPER SHIP. By *Hawthorne Daniel*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

MAN AND HIS POWERS. By *Richard Lynch*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Pamphlets

LEWIS HUGHES. By *George Watson Cole*. Worcester, Mass.: American Antiquarian Society.

AMERICAN PRONUNCIATION. By *H. Kurath*. Oxford University Press. 85 Cents.

Philosophy

OUR MINDS AND OUR MOTIVES. By *Paul D. Hugon*. Putnams. $3.

THE BAHA'I WORLD. Vol. II. New York: Baha'i Publishing Committee.

PLATO: THE REPUBLIC. With an Introduction by *Charles M. Bakewell*. Scribners. $1.

COLOURED THINKING. By *D. F. Fraser-Harris*. Brentanos. $2.50 net.

(Continued on page 391)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 47. Three special Christmas prizes—a First of twenty dollars, a Second of ten dollars, and a Third of five dollars—are offered for the three best Ballads of Christmas mailed to reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 3. Entries should not contain more than forty-eight lines. A Ballad of Christmas need not necessarily be either a carol, a hymn, or a familiar story or legend, and it need not be about the Navity. Such Ballads, however, will be as acceptable as any others.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

S. H., Woodlawn, Pennsylvania, starts the readers of this column upon a new enterprise: "In the new building of the B. F. Jones Memorial Library being erected in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, there is a room designed for story telling. The leaded glass window shows bright medallions of fairy tale characters and favorite heroes. On either side of the broad low window are arched book shelves and opposite is a quaint fire place with cone-like chimney sloping to the ceiling.

The architect, Mr. Brandon Smith, suggests that a suitable quotation be inscribed on the sloping breast of the chimney above the fire place. Would you and your eager Column readers be interested in suggesting a quotation for this use? It is possible that some gem will be suggested which we have not already discovered, which would be the perfect choice."

COME on now, with your gems, but remember that carving takes time and lasts for so long that the quotation should at least be as durable as the medium. I have sometimes wondered if the tremendous condensation of the Latin language might have some connection with the Romans being such noble stone-cutters.

T. P., Pineville, Pa., asks for the best histories of the time of Catherine the Great, and if Katharine Anthony's is authoritative.

THE best biography we have in English is Katharine Anthony's "Catherine the Great" (Knopf), which has been followed by Miss Anthony's translation of the "Memoirs of Catherine the Great" (Knopf) and this again by the "Correspondence of Catherine the Great when Grand Duchess" which made some sensation in London when it appeared there this summer, the lady showing no great hesitation in saying what she meant. Miss Anthony's life affords the reader a well-rounded view of a strong character, sovereign as well as woman; the others that I have seen in English have paid most of their attention to her recreations. "The Courtships of Catherine the Great," by Philip W. Sergeant (Brentano), is devoted to her social and personal life, and Shaw's "Great Catherine," in the volume with "Heartbreak House" (Brentano) is frankly farce. She could scarcely escape inclusion in the series "Leurs Amours," the biographies now being published by Flammarion, several of which have appeared in English—a series more serious than one might fancy from the title. The volume devoted to her is "La Vie Amoureuse de la Grande Catherine de Russie," by Marie Murat. These biographies are now being translated as "Love Lives of the Great," and this one, Princesse Murat's "Catherine the Great," leads off with Louis Bertrand's "Louis XIV" (Louis Carrier & Co.)

D. V. B., Saranac Lake, N. Y., is looking for a loose-leaf-cook-book.

I HAVE often seen the card-catalogue type of cook-book, but it was not until I looked on behalf of this customer that I found "Mrs. Fryer's Loose Leaf Cook-book" (Winston), which seems to me as good an arrangement as an active cook could want. The text is that of a cookery manual widely sold by this house; in this edition the recipes are in the familiar loose-leaf arrangement, permitting new recipes to be pasted on blank sheets or copied in like manner. Also it has a washable cover. So has mine, but the more luscious pages—such as those for pumpkin pie, risotto milanaise, and the nobler types of muffin—would by this time be nutritious if boiled.

A. H. P., Paterson, N. J., needed last Spring a history of England for an intelligent boy of ten, to take with him on his first visit to that country; she tried two bookshops and a library or two, and the boy sailed without it; now he wants it for winter reading.

I WOULD not have believed there were so many booksellers left who did not know of H. E. Marshall's "An Island Story" (Stokes). This will provide any child with such background of history and legend as makes a first trip even better; the latest edition carries the story through the Great War, and there are excellent color pictures. Eva Tappan March's "England's Story" (Houghton Mifflin) is widely used for supplementary reading, and has maps and pictures.

O. L. A., Lafayette, Indiana, asks for the publishers of Moore's "Anthology of Pure Poetry," and Professor Hall Frye's "Romance and Tragedy"; where to find a translation of Mallarmé's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and where Gosse's analysis of this poem appeared.

GEORGE MOORE'S "Anthology of Pure Poetry" is published by Horace Liveright; the volume of critical essays on "Romance and Tragedy," by Prosser Hall Frye, comes from Marshall Jones; it ranges from the Greeks by way of Shakespeare through Nietzsche. There is a fragrant and sympathetic translation of Mallarmé's most famous poem in "Few But Roses," an excellent selection of French verse in English translation edited by Alfred Brickell (Brentano). This version is by Aldous Huxley. A discussion of the original poem is in Edmond Gosse's "Questions at Issue" (Heinemann, 1893), in the chapter, "Symbolism and M. Stephane Mallarmé," and there is further Mallarmé material in Gosse's "Leaves and Fruit," published by Heinemann in 1927, and in Symon's "Symbolistic Movement in Literature" (Dutton).

N. M. Y., Seneca, Kansas, has received from a seventeen-year-old in Australia a call for a book on baseball; the need seems to be for a book on the game in general, and it is hoped that Babe Ruth or some other giant has gone on record on this subject.

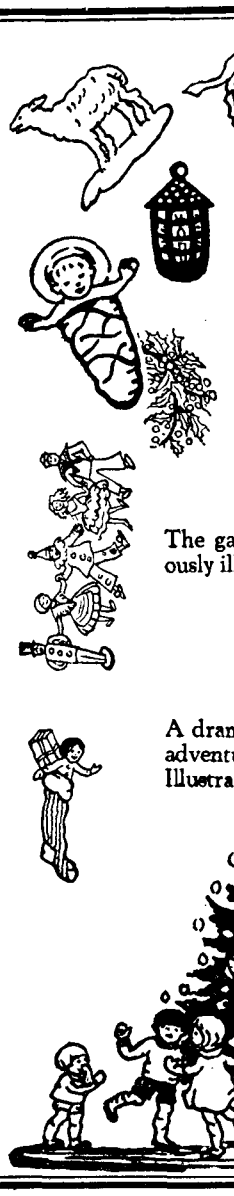
CLEARLY the book indicated is "Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball" (Putnam), and while an assortment is being made, let it include "Secrets of Baseball Told by Big League Players," a symposium edited by M. V. Charnley (Appleton), and "Playing the Game," by S. Harris (Stokes). This request should be a trifle disquieting to anyone interested in the future of the national frame of mind known as cricket. England without cricket would be unbelievable; every national game needs a certain amount of international contest, and the only other country that will so much as try to learn cricket in Australia. If this request is a portent, and baseball is beginning to worm its way into the Australian system, what substitute will London have for the strange ecstasy that holds its people while the interminable struggles for "the Ashes" go on for months with intervals for tea?

W. M. H., Philadelphia, Pa., has just read a history of the Civil War by Wood and Edmonds (Methuen, London, 1905) and so enjoyed it that he wishes to procure something like it for the Russo-Japanese War.

THE "Official History of the Russo-Japanese War," published by Harrison & Co. for H. M. Stationery Office, appeared in three volumes between 1910 and 1920, Cassell's "History of the Russo-Japanese War" in five volumes in 1905. In this country Kanichi Asakawa's "The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues" (Houghton Mifflin) appeared in 1905 and is now out of print. The only American books I know now in print that concern this war are those of Maurice Baring and of Tyler Dennett. The latter is "Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War: A Critical Study of American Policy in Eastern Asia, 1902-1905" (Doubleday, 1925), based mainly on private papers of Theodore Roosevelt, by Tyler Dennett. Maurice Baring's reminiscences of the period are in "The Puppet Show of Memory" (Little, Brown), a record of events as seen from behind the scenes; to this may be added his "What I Saw in Russia," published last year in England by Heinemann.

E. R. G., Hamilton Junior High School (city not given) asks where to get material for Junior High School plays, for assemblies.

THE WOMAN'S PRESS, 600 Lexington Avenue, and Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y., publish many short plays that would be good for this purpose. "Stunt Night To-night," lately published by Doubleday, Doran, is one of the best books for impromptu entertainments involving amateurs that I have seen.



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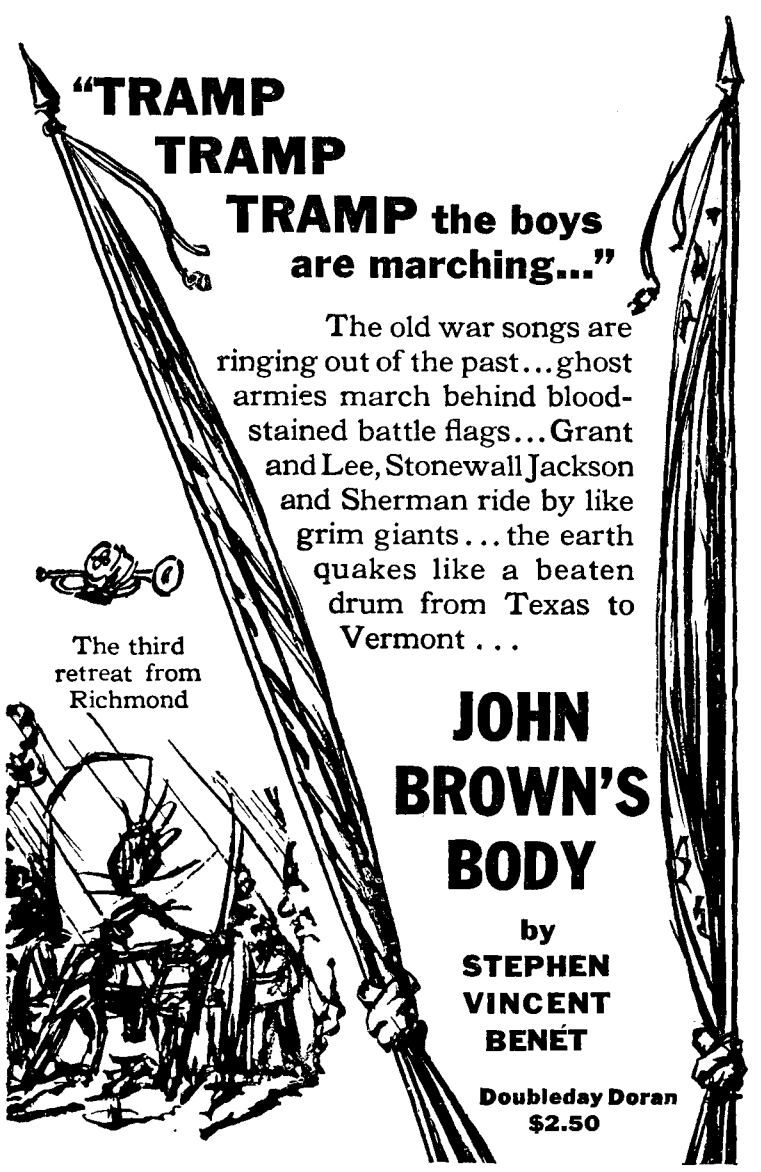
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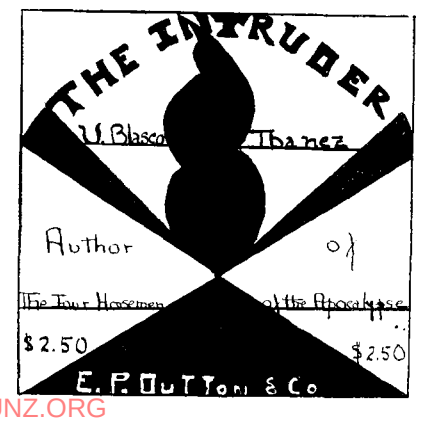

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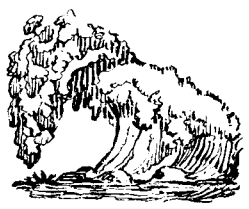

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IN order to commemorate the bicentenary of the birth of Oliver Goldsmith, November 10, 1728, the Yale University Library on November 9 opened to the public an exhibition of his works, designed to represent the extent and variety of his contributions to English literature, from the trial review that, in 1757, obtained for him his first position as reviewer for the *Monthly Review*, to the collected edition of his essays in three volumes that appeared towards the close of the eighteenth century. As an exhibition it has been especially interesting, for, with the exception of the "Plutarch's Lives; abridged from the original Greek," 1762; the rare "Threnodia Augustalis," 1772; and the practically unknown "Edwin and Angelina; a ballad. Printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland," all his works were represented, many of them bound in contemporary calf; and although in some instances, complete sets of all the editions brought out during his lifetime were available, it was decided to limit the volumes shown to first editions of his known and attributed works, to the editions of these actually revised by him, and to several early Dublin and American printings of his major works, together with a few contemporary illustrations.

The more important items of the exhibition are: "The Mystery Revealed," 1762; the first published edition of the "Bee," 1759, in the original eight parts, and a remainder issue with a new title-page, without date; "The Citizen of the World," and the original appearances of Letters XCIV and XCVI in the issues of *The Public Ledger* for November 28 and December 17, 1760 (according to the Crane and Kaye census, the only copies of these issues in America); the "Essays," 1765, and a pirated edition with a forged imprint and differences in pagination. Of the poems, there are the first edition of "The Traveller," and both the duodecimo (with the "Tyrant's head" reading in line 37) and the quarto editions of "The Deserted Village." Variant B, in contemporary calf, of the first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is present, together with both the first Dublin and first American editions, the latter published in Philadelphia in 1772 by William Mentz. There are also two variants of the first edition of "The Good Natur'd Man," 1768; and three important variant copies, carefully described in the exhibition's check-list, of the first "She Stoops to Conquer," all of them in beautiful condition. From the group of children's books published by Newbery and attributed with some degree of uncertainty to Goldsmith, there are "The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes," lacking the title-page, but with the dedication dated April 8, 1765; "The Lives of the Fathers," 1764, in the original flowered-paper wrappers; and "The Newtonian System of Philosophy." "The Haunch of Venison," 1776; and a copy of the large-paper issue of "Poems and Plays," Dublin, 1777, are also included. All the volumes shown are either in the possession of the Yale Library, or in that of members of the University.

There is nothing but praise of the highest order to be given to this exhibition; like the unusually fine one in the late spring in memory of Thomas Hardy, it represents an amount of patient, careful labor that cannot be overestimated. Intelligently planned and carried out, it reflects the greatest credit upon everyone connected with it in any way, and can, for that reason, be considered rightly as a distinguished achievement.

The check-list "Catalogue" of the exhibition, issued in two editions, the first limited to seventy-five numbered copies composed and printed at the Library's private eighteenth century Bibliographical Press, and the second printed from the same type by the University Press, is an excellent piece of work. As the Prefatory Note points out, it "makes no pretension to being a catalogue or bibliography of Goldsmith. It is issued simply to help any one interested to inspect his various publications in first editions, and in chronological order." The notes are clear and accurate, giving whatever information is necessary for the understanding and appreciation of the books, and never attempting to go beyond the limits so plainly defined. G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby & Company.

November 19-20. A Further Selection from the Library of the late Clement King Shorter; and the Collection of Works by, relating to, or contemporary with Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell, formed by the late Richard Harrison, and until recently exhibited at Johnson House, Gough Square. The selections from the Clement Shorter library by no means equal in interest those sold earlier in the year: they consist largely of eighteenth-century books, together with presentation copies from Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and George Moore, and several of the privately printed pamphlets Mr. Shorter was in the habit of giving to his friends. The autograph manuscript material is interesting, but not especially important. The Johnson-Boswell material makes up in general completeness for the defects of condition that have been most painstakingly noted in every instance.

November 21. "Fine Indian and Persian drawings, illuminated manuscripts, comprising the Property of Sir Hercules Reed . . . (who is giving up his London House)"; and important miniatures, formerly in the collection of the late Lord Northwick, and probably brought back from India by Warren Hastings. A beautfully illustrated catalogue.

November 26. English Literature of the nineteenth century. Ainsworth; Dickens (including "Pickwick" in the original parts, early issues); Lever; a short article on Bernard Shaw with his autograph corrections that are, as the catalogue remarks, "of so striking a character as to change [it] beyond recognition"; Surtees in the original parts as issued; the first edition, first issue, of the original numbers of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" with a few of the wrappers in the wrong state; Trollope's "Vicar of Bullhampton," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "Last Chronicle," "He Knew He Was Right," "Ralph the Heir," "The Way We Live Now," and "The Prime Minister," all in the original numbers as issued.

Messrs. Hodgson & Company, 115 Chancery Lane, announce that future sales under their auspices will include the library of rare sixteenth and seventeenth century books and tracts from Shipham Church (sold under a Faculty of the Episcopal Consistory Court of Norwick). In this collection are Wynkyn de Worde's "Royal Book," 1509; Milton's "Lycidas," 1638; a large collection of seventeenth century tracts; Hughes's "Letter sent from the Summer Islands," 1615; Hamor's "Present Estate of Virginia," 1615; and Wood's "New England's Prospect," 1639. At a date to be given later, a unique and hitherto unknown fragment of the English alliterative fourteenth century poem, "Mum, Soothsegger" (or Richard the Redeless) in the metre of "Piers Plowman"; a collection of autograph letters and documents relating to Monmouth's Rebellion, and papers relating to the trade of Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, in the late seventeenth century; several original pen and ink drawings by George and Robert Cruikshank and H. K. Browne; and finely bound and unusually complete sets of first editions of Anthony Trollope and others, will be sold.

TWO rather unusual things have recently been done for the benefit of collectors—first, the publication by Doubleday, Doran of an excellent, brief bibliography of William McFee on the back of the dust-wrapper for his new novel, "Pilgrims of Adversity"; and second, the announcement by

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Covici, Friede that, in the future, all trade first editions of publications bearing their imprint will be limited automatically to one thousand copies, after which the words "Second Printing" and the date will be incorporated in the copyright page. It is so seldom that publishers give the impression of considering collectors, except as purchasers of their limited, signed editions which are always carefully paraded before the public as "recognized" firsts, that a debt of gratitude must be felt for these actions. And especially to Doubleday, Doran should go the thanks of all McFee collectors for the uniform excellence of the check-list; with the single omission of the "Martin Frobisher" in the *Golden Hind* series, recently published in this country by Harper, there is nothing to criticize, as it is well done, and gives information not readily obtainable elsewhere. The originator of the idea deserves all the praise that can possibly be given him. G. M. T.

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Consider, for example, the novel by ROLAND DORGELÈS, entitled *Departure*. The author is a Prix Femina winner, his book has sold 250,000 copies in France, and at the same evoked plaudits from the conservative and discerning critics.

The enthusiasm of *The Inner Sanctum* is enormous, but, at the moment of going to press, not contagious. Why? The book has been out three weeks, but thus far not a review has appeared to explain the mystery of *Departure*.

All the ideal elements, adroitly blended, are found in *Departure:* The lure of the East, the enchantment of travel, prose of brilliant texture, a story of tight construction, tantalizing suspense, and superb characterization, wit and personality of rare vintage, and an excellent translation. Unless the reviewers become articulate and the book-buyers break out into a stampede, *The Inner Sanctum* will put another illusion on the debit side and admit in ill-concealed despair that 250,000 Frenchmen *can* be wrong.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE nicest thing that has happened to us recently is that in response to our sly hint, anent the fond reader who sent *James Norman Hall* twenty dollars and a Dunhill, *The Carthaginian* has conveyed to us a perfectly charming pipe, "compliments of the 3d-6d store, Cornmarket, Oxford, and did you learn how to jack up your bags to your armpits and how not to get stuck on the punting-pole?" She has also sent us a lucky thrippenny bit and an oil-skin pouch. We are overwhelmed, and tremendously grateful. . . .

We also thank *Lawrence Brownell Smith* of Osage, Iowa, for his letter of October thirtieth. He is an admirer of the work of James Norman Hall, and has offered us twenty cents and a package of cigarettes. Indeed he had gone so far as to wrap up a package of Camels, with twenty cents inclosed, when it occurred to him that we might like Luckies. As a matter of fact, we have a damaging confession to make. We always smoke English Ovals. The other day at lunch *St. John Ervine* looked at our preference with a jaundiced eye and enunciated distinctly, "Most peculiar thing, but you never find *those* in England, you know." Well, we knew they were *those* all the time,—but if you hunt hard enough you *can* find them on Piccadilly. . . .

Scott Nearing's "Black America" is being published by the Vanguard Press and sold for a dollar, but there is a special autograph edition which sells for five dollars. All who subscribe to this will aid in paying the original costs of publication; any receipts from the sale of this special edition, above publishing costs, will be used in buying advertising space in the Negro press. Mr. Nearing's book is the story of negro exploitation, in the agricultural regions of the South, in the industrial districts of the North. The Negro is not dealt with as a "social problem," but as an oppressed race —a mass of exploitable labor power deliberately held in subjection for the enrichment of white American exploiters. If you wish to help finance the dollar edition of this book by subscribing to the special autographed edition, send your check to Scott Nearing, Room 1607, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . . .

Inquiries concerning the $7,500 Mystery Detective Novel Contest, announced by Frederick A. Stokes Company and the *New McClure's Magazine*, are coming in from all over the country, they say. The competition closes January 1, 1929, and contestants should write for full particulars to Curtis Brown, Ltd., 116 West 39th Street, New York City. . . . .

The Viking Press has published "A Son of Earth," by *William Ellery Leonard*, a volume which he calls his poetic autobiography. It gathers together his most important poems of the last twenty-five years, arranged with notes in such a way as to tell a consecutive story of the poet's life. Leonard regards it as a companion volume to his narrative poem, "Two Lives," which dealt more fully with a single episode in his life. . . . .

The *This Quarter Press*, 5 Descente de Larvatto, Monte Carlo, has brought out "Quaint Tales of Samurais," by *Saikaku Ibara*, translated from the old original by *Ken Sato*. Ibara was born in 1641 and died in 1693. At forty he wrote "The Love Life of Yonosuke," which was a great success. One anecdote of him has it he wrote 20,000 sixteen-syllable poems at the shrine of Sumiyoshi in one day. The Samurai tales are an interesting commentary on life in old feudal Japan. . . . .

An "Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry," including poetry of social vision and revolt, compiled and edited by *Marcus Graham*, with an introduction by *Lucia Trent* and *Ralph Cheyney*, is awaiting adequate funds for publication. It represents about four hundred poets and many translations from all languages are included. Anyone who wishes to make a contribution to the Publication Fund for this work should address *Marcus Graham*, Box 3, West Farms Station, New York, and make draft, check, or money-order payable to *Nicholas Moskowitz* at the same address. . . . .

By the way, let us call your attention to an excellent novel, *Mildred Gilman's* "Headlines," her third book and her best. It is published by Horace Liveright. Mrs. Gilman has taken the very material the tabloids are always hurling at us in sensational type and made emerge from it the stories of human lives as they actually are. Her understanding and sympathy are deep. . . .

We have not seen new work by *Arthur Rackham* for some time, but now a new edition of *Washington Irving's* "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" comes to our desk, containing line drawings and color plates (particularly) full of the old Rackham charm. A more interesting thing seems to us to be that the English artist has caught the actual Catskill landscape, as in the plate facing page 50. The David McKay Company of Philadelphia publishes this book. . . .

Allen Tate, author of "Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier," and "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," both published by Minton, Balch & Company, has recently sailed for Europe with his wife and daughter, to be gone a year. He is traveling under a Guggenheim fellowship. . . .

The *New Republic*, which for the past year and a half has been experimenting in combining retail bookselling with magazine publishing, has now transfered its shop from Thirty-fourth Street to the offices of the magazine at 419 West 21st Street, New York.

Jonathan Cape's remarks upon his own publication of *Radclyffe Hall's* "The Well of Loneliness," in the latest issue of *Now & Then, a Periodical of Books and Personalities*, is excellent in every way, a fine and dignified statement; the hue and cry against the book having been not only common and vulgar, but nauseating in its obvious obscenity. How censorship does continue to show itself up for the repulsive hypocrisy that it is! . . .

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The New Books

Philosophy

(*Continued from page 386*)

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KANT'S CRITIQUE OF THEOLOGICAL JUDGMENT. By *James Creed Meredith*. Oxford. $4.25.

THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE. By *Paul Elmer More*. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

Poetry

IN THE HOUSE OF THE HIGH PRIEST. By *Claude Houghton*. Four Seas.

COLLECTED POEMS. By *A. E. Coppard*. Knopf.

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By *Oscar Wilde*. Illustrated by *John Vassos*. $3.50.

AN ARGOSY OF SONG. Edited by *Narka Nelson*. Piqua. Ohio.

THE FIRST HARVEST. By *Mary Leighton*. Four Seas.

SELECTED POEMS. By *Carl Spitteler*. Translated by *Ethel Colburn Mayne* and *James F. Muirhead*. **Macmillan. $2.50.**

THE LOST SAIL. By *Alfred Kreymborg*. Coward-McCann. $2.

MUSHROOMS. By *Alfred Kreymborg*. Coward-McCann. $2.

SONGS OF TROPIC TRAILS. By *Georges Warburton Lewis*. Dorrance. $1.75.

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THE LEGEND OF QUINCIBALD. By *Leonard Bacon*. Harpers. $2.

THE CONNECTICUT POETRY ANTHOLOGY. Compiled and edited by *Ralph Waldo Snow*. New Haven: Quinnipeck Press.

ISLES OF PAISLEY. By *Jennie N. Smith*. Vinal. $1.50.

NOW THE SKY. By *Mark Van Doren*. Boni. $2.

POEMS. By *Wilfrid Earl Chase*. Published by the Author, Madison, Wis.

A SON OF EARTH. By *William Ellery Leonard*. Viking. $3.

Science

OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS. By *Herdman Fitzgerald Cleland*. Coward-McCann. $5.

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SCIENCE FOR YOU. By *J. G. Crowther*. Brentano. $2.50 net.

Travel

PERSIAN PICTURES. By GERTRUDE BELL. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $3.

Persian, not Arabic, pictures, and again Gertrude Bell! Gertrude Bell most vital of beings, with her scholarly powers of intense concentration, her passions for humankind and all that has grown into beauty or been fashioned into beauty on the face of earth, who dedicated these passions and powers to severe and happy study, stern and joyous journeys, self-immolating yet enriching life and service with the Arabs.

That ripe friend and Oriental scholar Sir E. Denison Ross indites a pertinent preface in which he brings out the fact that save for one letter, "Persian Pictures" contains the sole extant record of what were certainly the most important months of the first three decades of her life. It is the fruit of Miss Bell's youth in the thrill of her first long personal contact with the East, seen hitherto through the "Arabian Nights," Persian studies and a trip around the world. Her delight is infectious. And then how alert her eyes! Her judgments are shrewd, she has the historian's perspective, while the pages are pervaded by her love for and attempts to understand other lives, her exquisite instinct for and cultivated appraisement of arts, crafts, personal and outdoor loveliness. In truth we find here, the emerging qualities of which we were expectant from journeying with the Gertrude Bell of "Desert and Sown," "Amurath to Amurath," and the "Letters." And surely we sense the poetic gift which was soon to become known through the charming translations from Hafiz. But the Gertrude Bell who was to work shoulder to shoulder with Sir William Ramsay, Sir Percy Cox, Sir Henry Dobbs, and King Feisal, we could not forecast.

Miss Bell's months in Persia were spent with her uncle Sir Frank Lascelles, at that time head of Her British Majesty's Legation. She learned really to know the superficial aspects of Teheran and its outlying desert mountains, villages, ruins, fields, and gardens. She gives us unforgettable pictures of these, and of the pleasures and vicissitudes of journeying in Persia. But through many of her pages runs the sense of being baffled in her effort to understand as well as behold the East.

"An Eastern City" pictures the capital, its gates, its streets, squares, shops, and mingled peoples. The "Tower of Silence" is an etching of a Zoroastrian tower where are exposed bodies of the dead to save the pure earth element from their corrupting touch, the forces of life and death which have wrought history about the name of Rages, their query to vivid youth. Again we have the look and feel and smell of bazaar and caravanserai. But it is perhaps the colored etchings of Persian gardens and Persian garden hospitality that will most allure those who have known them not, most create nostalgia in the breast of those who have known them.

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Alfred Neumann was born in Lautenburg, West Prussia, in 1895. His introduction to letters consisted in preparing catalogues for a Munich publisher, an occupation which he combined with writing poetry. He soon became famous as a playwright and a novelist, and aided in the rebirth of the historical novel in Germany. His most famous works are, THE DEVIL and THE REBELS. THE DEVIL which is said to have added "an additional piece to the history of the novel" (Wilson Follett, in *The Bookman*) is published by Alfred A. Knopf, price $3.00.

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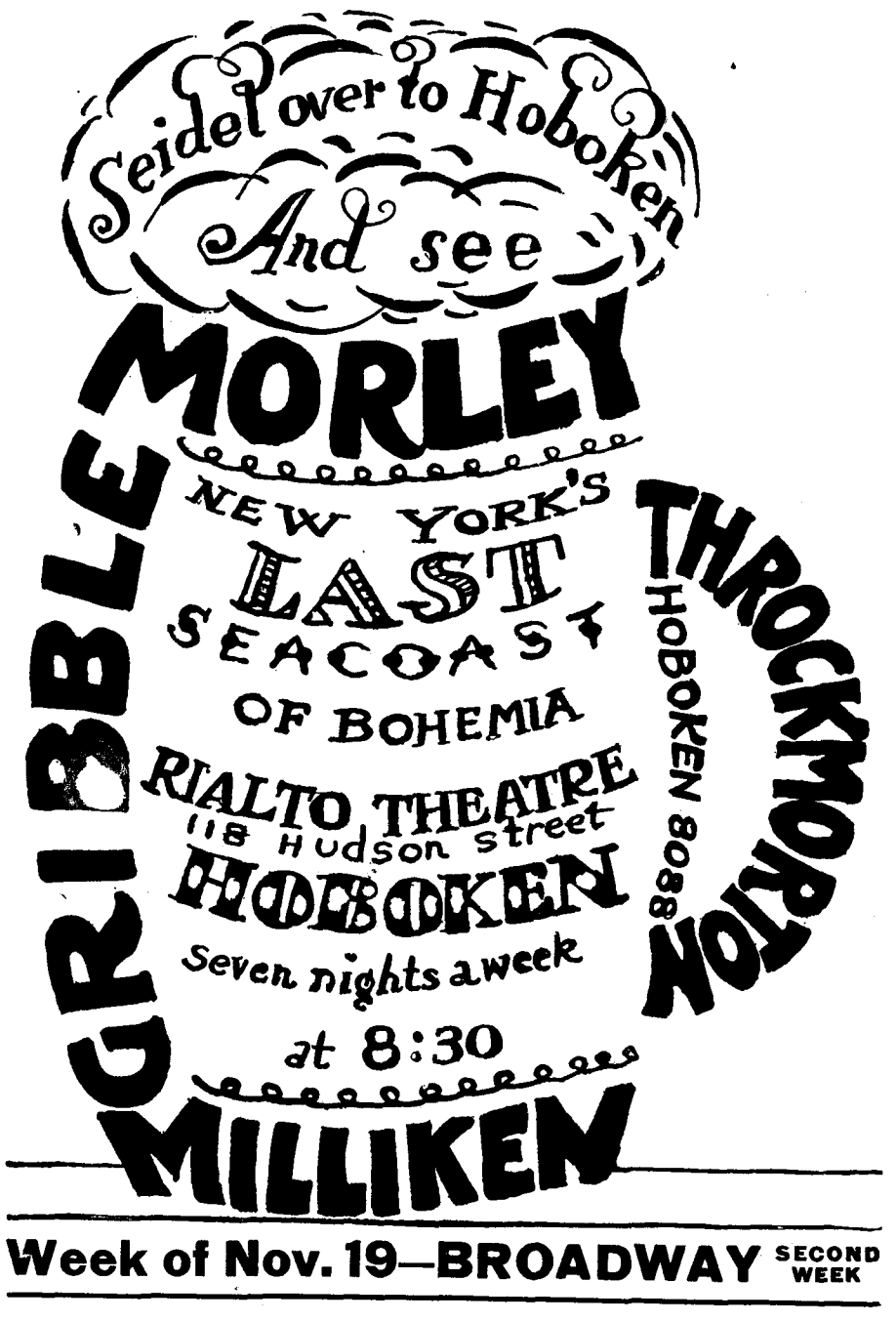

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